

MACLEAN'S

DOWN ON THE FARM
Amid crisis, bigger
can be better

Q&A: CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER
On Lear, movies—and wild
nights at long-ago Stratford

STORM CLOUDS OVER IRAQ
If the U.S. attacks, will
Canada be onside?

EXCLUSIVE

MURDER AT GIANT MINE

Is the right man in jail?

By Jonathon
Gatehouse

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Roger Warren
at Manitoba's
Stony Mountain
penitentiary

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"Some of the worst nutrition offenders are on school cafeteria menus—french fries with gravy, hamburgers, pop, chips, candy bars, etc."

—KAREN NGAL, Ottawa, Ont.

Weighty matters

The Hamilton day camp for overweight kids runs a long list of places where attempts have been made to remedy obesity in children ("Growing up large," Cover, Aug. 5). As early as the 1960s, Fello Hadd and Penelope Peltas, both international authorities on childhood and adolescent obesity, founded Camp Seascout on Cape Cod, Mass., to provide a venue to help fat kids. Although over 90 per cent of the campers lost significant weight, almost all had regained their weight by the Christmas vacation season. Hadd and Peltas closed their camp after they realized they were fighting a losing battle. Your article correctly states that there is a genetic factor associated with obesity. The food intake in 50 per cent of these children is normal. Most overweight children, however, exhibit an "economy of motion" and expend significantly less energy in their daily activities than normal-weight children. The mainstay of help for obese children and teenagers is based on an increased physical activity and reducing their body-energy reserves.

Dr. Martin D. Wolfish, Toronto

It is easy to blame the fast food industry, television ads, computer games and junk foods for our kids' obesity. It's more difficult to address issues of why these habits are thriving in the first place. I often ponder whether parenting classes might be a more effective treatment for childhood obesity.

Lori Lublin, Toronto

As someone who grew up "large," I understand what these children are going through. It seems that discrimination against the fat is still acceptable in our society. Since becoming one of the "thin people," I have discovered what the overweight are missing in daily life, including better job opportunities, better treatment from service workers and even more friendly co-workers. It may be true that our society has produced a generation of



children facing an obesity crisis. But I hope everyone can remember that the overweight deserve to be treated with a modicum of respect.

Sarahella Bhabhab, Montreal, N.S.

I watched on much TV as today's kids and are junk food all the time. However, I walked a good 40 minutes to school and back, every day. Kids need to develop habits, lifelong health habits, like the incidental exercise from walking or cycling.

Barrie Thompson, Vancouver

As a student going into Grade 10, I know first hand that having phys. ed classes more often will not solve the problem. All I ever did was the same sports over and over—basketball, soccer, hockey, etc. Not all kids enjoy being pushed around, demeaned and shamed because they are not good at competitive sports, nor included. Why not create alternative phys. ed classes that offer programs such as outdoor education, hiking, bike riding and jogging?

Amy MacDonald, Edmonton

"Canada has outgrown me"

I really enjoyed the interview with broadcaster Robert MacNeil ("You can go home

again," Q&A, July 29). Like MacNeil, I am happy where I live. And like MacNeil, I find Canada has outgrown me, a fifth-generation Canadian of mixed ancestry whose forefathers have been here for more than 200 years. It saddens me a bit to see my culture disappearing, but that is the way of the world. I wonder if future generations will remember our contribution to the development of Canada.

Rowland Spencer, Weyburn, Sask.

Mideast messages

I find it odd that in your July 29 issue you felt it necessary to warn readers in The Editor's Letter ("Dissenting voices") that there was a pro-Palestinian article inside ("Rasuliah revelation," Middle East, 5), while the next issue carried no such caveat about a pro-Israeli article ("A world of fear and horror," Middle East, Aug. 5). I would suggest to writer Anna Porter that if anti-Semitism is on the rise, it is due in no small measure to the Israeli government. Successive governments have claimed to be representative of and act in the name of the Jewish people, and then go on to commit such atrocities as the Qana massacre and the recent bombing in Gaza City. What worse of the world is opposed to it? Iniquity. The fact that the perpetrators are Jewish makes no sense at all.

Patrick Page, Kingston, Ont.

Anna Porter's story explained a great deal, but she missed one very important point: Israel and the Palestinian issue, if one may call it that, are two inextricable theories. Jews believe in the sanctity and inviolability of their law and their Biblical claim to the land, while the Muslims believe in the solemnity and supremacy of the Koran. Each insists that their theological rights cannot be violated. How can the basic essentials of peace and democracy exist under these circumstances?

John M. Jelline, Knapton, Ont.

Having visited Rasuliah and other Palestinian cities and camps this past May, I must express my deep appreciation of July Rebeck's poignant and extremely accurate article, "Rasuliah revelation" (Middle East, July 29). Her professionalism and integrity ensured the world share her outlook. "Where there is no jus-



when only happens to other people finally happens to you.

All you need

ness, there will be no peace." She tells it like it is, and will have to endure a great deal of criticism.

Corbyn Fleming, MT, Mississauga Ont.

The glaring omission in Judy Rebick's article was what could have been a thoughtful addition to commentary on the Middle East conflict. Instead, Rebick focuses her entire attack on Israeli "aggressions," which she presents as the sole reason for the current crisis. Nowhere does she mention the ongoing violence and hatred against Israel that permeates every form of Palestinian society, or cite the responsibility of the Palestinian leadership and educational systems in perpetuating a culture that glorifies violence against Israel.

Rebecca Wilmer, National President, KSA-BIS, Canada Toronto

Bug, fat beginning

I remember we'll Nis Vardolova's column at the London, Ont., Second City ("Big, fat breakthrough," Film, Aug. 5). My brother-in-law Mike was a sous-chef in the kitchen in 1989 and would score free passes to shows. The one was very unpleasant and very funny. Especially vivid at a scene where Nis interviewed Kathryn Greenwood, a regular on the TV show where Lisa is in it. She's silent but very dynamic. As the end, she signed off as "So Vlado," which was even funnier when you cited the theatre and then "Sunny's Sordids" trailer in the parking lot across the street. So, So Vlado was alive and well and living in London well before her Chicago debut.

Gary W. McAllister, London, Ont.

Death and dignity

I strongly disagree with ALS sufferer Jim Rooney who stated, "I don't want to live a life without dignity" ("Choosing suicide," Ethics, Aug. 5). In the position he finds himself in, loss of his muscle control, not his dignity, generosity, love and integrity.

Wanda Gifford, Leno, Ont.

As a transplanted Muscogean and a supporter of death with dignity, I was pleased with the clarity of your article about Oregon's suicide law. I have been a registered nurse for 32 years and have seen my share of suffering, both physical and men-



tal. Thank you for pointing out the reason cited by most of the dying for ending their lives. It is not for lack of pain control, but for lack of life control as their bodies fail them.

Sarah Brinkley, Portland Ore.

This article takes sides in a grotesque fashion. U.S. Attorney General John Ashcroft, who fired his lit over death, is referred to as someone "whose own underlying religious beliefs are forced in the very teeth right of the Assembly of God." Are you unaware of the thousands of people who experience God's presence in spite of and during their suffering? Consider this with the quotes of an ALS affected "right-to-life advocate": "I'm going to be laughing, carrying on, having a good time, and my family will be crying. I'll probably have a nice old touch of single malt Scotch, and off we go." How empty, how sad.

Mark Kunkin, Toronto

I offer this clarification on an issue raised in the conflict article "Choosing suicide." A distinction must be made between advising a person to commit suicide (which is a criminal offense under Canadian law) and advising a competent person, who has already decided to commit suicide, on how to do so effectively so as not to cause any greater harm and distress to all the individuals involved. The Criminal Code of Canada makes no mention of the latter scenario.

Joan Kneppel, Owen Sound

Fishy story

In covering the East Coast aquaculture business, you have largely presented the industry's story with fleeting references to environmental concerns ("Fish failures," Fishery, July 25). This is a vital issue because waste from salmon farms passes directly into the ocean and impacts not only the marine environment, but other

sectors like tourism and sports, commercial and aboriginal fisheries. What other type of farming is allowed to dispose of wastewater, which can contain antibiotics and pesticide residues, directly into public waters? Whoever salmon farming is practiced, wild fish already have suffered serious declines and the evidence of disease has increased.

Lynne Hamilton, Aquaculture Specialist, David Suzuki Foundation, Vancouver

The Senate Standing Committee on Agriculture is S.C. and the Atlantic Region sounded an alarm in June 2001, based on experience in B.C. and the Bay of Fundy in New Brunswick where the millions of fish farmed in open-net cages are having a devastating effect on wild fish, their habitat and the seabed. The Auditor General's Report on Fisheries and Oceans released in December 2000 confirmed basically the same warning. Last November, the Leggett Inquiry into salmon farming in British Columbia stated: "There is no question that net cages are the root cause of environmental damage, including massive escapes of Atlantic farm salmon, disease transfer and pollution of marine waters and the ocean floor." Government should promote land-based fish farming and stop carbon open-net cage farming, particularly in traditional fishing communities. There is just too much fish.

Peter Caldwell, Northwest Cove, N.S.

Bedaazzled

The year was 1945 and the place was the old downtown of Timon in downtown Victoria. Word had it that our war correspondent was in the building. We four teenagers, two girls, two boys, being groomed for newspaper careers, dropped our various jobs—mowing things like mowing mail and filing. We stood behind the reporter, awkward types and editorial staff who seemed to know this amazing person personally. He was young, dark and handsome and, if you can believe it, wore a white trench coat. He was every thing we had imagined a correspondent to be. Correspondents to Peter Steinberg, who is still dealing with his words ("A war reporter passes together his own story," People, Aug. 5).

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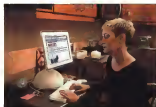


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MACLEANS BEHIND THE SCENES



SHAPING THE FUTURE

Several weeks ago we invited readers of Maclean's and macleans.ca to help shape our future by joining an on-line advisory panel. Our goal is to learn more about you and solicit feedback that will help to establish our future direction.

We've delighted by the response. To date, more than 2,000 people have joined the panel, providing information on everything from their media habits and community involvement to financial acumen and technical expertise.

More than 75 per cent of respondents are health-conscious and more than half are physically active. Half of them spend less than eight hours per week watching television and more than 30 per cent do not read a national newspaper.

Now that we know more about you, we're moving to the second part of the exercise. Every few months we'll invite input on items such as our magazine covers, columnists and design, as well as your issues and interests. That information will help us determine editorial priorities and possible design changes for the web site and the magazine.

"In the past we've relied on focus groups, telemarketing and regular mail to obtain input and feedback," says Sharon Harvey, Maclean's director of research services. "But on-line surveys give us almost instant feedback. It's quicker and more convenient than focus groups and far less intrusive than telemarketers calling at dinner hour."

Many thanks to those who've already joined our panel. And for those who aren't yet members, please consider signing up. To join, go to www.macleans.ca and choose the link "Join our Advisory Panel."

We look forward to working together as we shape Maclean's and macleans.ca to better meet your needs and interests.

For further information, contact behindthescenes@macleans.ca



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THEWEEK



Justice | A landmark Quebec trial of 17 Hells Angels breaks down

The fight against organized crime in Quebec ran into a major roadblock with the breakdown of the five-month-old trial of 17 Hells Angels bikers. The court in Montreal had already heard from 113 witnesses, examined 1,214 exhibits and seen 54 CD ROMs of police surveillance videos when Quebec Superior Court Justice Pierre Beliveau ordered a new trial. He had taken over the controversial case after the first judge, Jean Guy Boilard, resigned on July 22. Beliveau said last week that restarting the trial would only lead to further delays and waste the jury, making a fair trial impossible—and opening the door for appeal. He ordered the jury released, prompting anger from the jurors, many of whom had already complained about the length of the trial. But the lead prosecutor was clearly shaken. "I think the public will be as devastated as we are," said Crown attorney Michel Giguère.

The trial was supposed to be a major

breakthrough in ending a bloody turf war that has left about 170 people dead since 1994 at the Hells Angels' bikers tried to take over the Quebec drug market from their rivals, the Rock Machine. The 17 defendants, who will remain in jail, face 64 charges, including murder, drug trafficking and membership in a criminal organization. But the trial began to unravel when Boilard suddenly quit, saying he no longer had the moral authority to continue, after being reprimanded by the Canadian Judicial Council. Boilard, 65, was accused of making the prosecuting remarks against Gilles Dori, one of the bikers' defense lawyers, in another bikers trial.

Beliveau ordered a hearing for Sept. 3 to prepare for the new trial. The decision to halt the court proceedings, estimated to have already cost as much as \$2.5 million, has left many questioning the merits of the new mega trial strategy being tried in Quebec courts.



Judge Beliveau
The judge resigned on July 22 from the trial, which was supposed to put an end to the bloody turf war between the Angels and the Rock Machine.

ScoreCard

♦ **Joe Clark:** Even as mulling, resignation, he's going, isn't yet, unless, it, maybe, still, a someone politician, an influence, an influence allowing.



♦ **Peter MacKay:** Other potential Jon MacKay look too old, too young, too something. It's the hours before 10 p.m. to see—something's worth waiting and

♦ **Bill Graham:** Foreign minister as previous concern about Bush's high-level change in Iraq, United Nations Security Council that the Iraqis are against Saddam, M-16 vs. unimpaired

♦ **Stéphane Dion:** Jean Charest should another Ottawa official, Minister. Quite right, although he'll provide adjust some official information, hold on there, mistakes.

♦ **Raymond Morneau:** Last indication, Canadian film museum design features walk on green wall, coming from Vancouver like it, Dionne's new policy will too.

♦ **Chris Hume:** Canadian director's CBS interview as an actor's new projects, buzz, controversy, long before being next spring, Network TV, that might just matter? (continued)

"I regard the statement as more of a publicity stunt than a serious proposal. He has been out of the news and wanted to get in it. I thought it was a little graceless."

TORY LEADER JOE CLARK, an Canadian Alliance leader Stephen Harper's call for a joint leadership convention after Clark said he will retire



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Mad cow death

A Saskatchewan woman became the first Canadian to die from a proven case of the human form of so-called mad-cow disease. Canadian health authorities say the man, who died of a new variant of Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease in Saskatchewan earlier this summer, likely ate tainted meat 30 years ago in England. The beef industry in Britain was devastated in the 1990s, as some 4.5 million cattle were destroyed to prevent the spread of transmissible bovine spongiform encephalopathy, or mad cow disease. Spokesmen for the Canadian industry hesitated to reassure consumers there is no evidence mad cow disease has entered Canada. But that's no comfort to 71 other Canadians—patients who may have been put at risk because a medical emergency involved in treating the Saskatchewan man was also used for unrelated tests, called endoscopies, on them. While Health Canada officials and there is little chance they will contract the disease, Saskatchewan's chief medical officer did acknowledge that the disease is tough to completely eliminate on medical equipment.

The pen is mightier than the board

Assured by some Ontario school boards to face the provincial government to spend more on education may not survive the auditor's pen. The education ministry disallows annual budgets for each of the province's 72 school boards, and under provincial law, the boards are prohibited from running deficits. Those that do risk having the province appoint a supervisor to cut their spending. Nevertheless, on June 5, 2002, the Ottawa-Carleton District School Board passed a budget with a deficit of \$23 million, claiming provincial funding is inadequate. In response, the province appointed prominent Toronto forensic accountant Al Rosen to examine the board's books. He ran its government budget of \$204 million by examining programs and closing some schools. Rosen is now auditing the books of the Toronto District School Board, which is proposing a \$93.5-million shortfall on around \$2 billion. "We're going to get the same treatment," Toronto trustee Sheila Garry-McGeehan, "because Rosen didn't look at whether funding was adequate, he simply looked at how they spent what legislature gave."

Zimbabwe | Land grab

White farmers stood quietly behind their fences, waiting to be evicted from their land. Zimbabwe's tiny white population—less than one per cent of the country's 12.5 million people—once controlled almost 70 per cent of the best land, and land reform has been a controversial issue in Zimbabwe since 1980, when Marxist guerrilla leader Robert Mugabe was elected president. The issue led to violence in early 2000, when Mugabe, 58, in a bid to cement his power, allowed firing squads of thugs to start taking over white-owned farms. So far, more than 58 people have died in the attacks that last week, about 1,500 farmers whose land is expropriated for cashewnuts defied a government order evicting them from their land at midnight on May 4. Now, those refusing to budge face a two-year jail sentence and a forcible eviction—not to mention reprisals by the army or landless blacks.

For the landless, the situation is a disaster. "It's a tragedy," said Alex Parsons, a farmer in the Karu district, 260 km northwest of Harare, the capital. "People are going to starve and die and secure their farms." Around \$25,000 blacks who worked on the white-owned farms have also lost since 2000 and are facing starvation. In the meantime, the country's food production in the normally rich agricultural country. The UN World Food Programme estimates that nearly half of Zimbabwe's 12.5 million people will need food aid next year. "Nobody expects that this country needs food relief," said Richard Miller of the Catholic aid agency Coid in Harare. "But the destruction of commercial farming is contributing to hunger." In the end, starvation, not politics, may follow in the wake of Zimbabwe's firing white farmers.

Onlookers watch as looters load an evicted white farm family's goods onto a truck.

Little appetite

According to researchers in England, a low-meat diet called PFFY-35 curbs appetite, and holds out hope as a future drug. Scientists reported in the journal *Nature* that they injected volunteers with the hormone, waited two hours, then sat them down to a buffet. People treated with the chemical messenger ate about a third fewer calories than when they hadn't been injected. The small intestine normally releases



PFFY-35 when a person eats a meal. The more food, the more hormone, which signals the brain that the stomach is filling up.

Say it is so

Despite the briefed up appearance of some sluggers, Major League Baseball players have long douped around as a problem and opposed mandatory drug testing. But in a surprise move in their contract talks with baseball's owners, the

players proposed being checked for illegal steroids starting next year. Management, which had earlier proposed testing for all performance-enhancing drugs as well as recreational drugs like cocaine, called the offer "significant." With the players' union executive ready to set a rather deadline this week, the players' proposal, which calls for two annual random tests in 2003 and 2004, was set of few signs of movement. The two sides also

agreed to raise the minimum wage by US\$100,000 to \$300,000, but by week's end had not discussed the key issues of increased revenue sharing and a luxury tax on high payrolls.

Fleeing snowmobile death

A Whistler, B.C., man who suffered serious burns on July 20 after driving a snowmobile through a wall of gasoline-fueled flames died in a Vancouver hospital. Whistling to make a name for himself in the world of extreme sports, Joshua Chapman, 23, performed the stunt during a last-night birthday party at Squamish, B.C., in front of several friends. Chapman, who had competed in international snowmobile and snowboarding events, attempted the trick on a dry road while friends videotaped him. As he rode through the fire, flames engulfed him and he was rushed to a Vancouver hospital.

Shuffling the deck

Joan Grier shuffled his cabinet to relieve pressure on Deputy Prime Minister John Manley and avoid party layoffs in his bid to shore up support in his leadership battle with Paul Martin. Industry Minister Allan Rock took over responsibility for a \$2.5-billion infrastructure fund from Manley, who is also finance critic, while Transport Minister David Colquhoun assumed Manley's responsibility for five Crown corporations. Government sources say Manley's workload became overwhelming following the departure of former finance minister Martin.

No help for Jabarah

Snap round Canada on governor Mohammed Masar Jabarah now has an American lawyer and has been in contact with his family, but says he doesn't want any help from Ottawa. U.S. authorities have captured Jabarah, 30, from St. Catharines, Ont., of alleged 2001 Qaeda terrorist cell in Singapore. Jabarah, who also accused of plotting to blow up Israeli and U.S. embassies, is reportedly being held at Fort Hamilton army base in Brooklyn, N.Y. Canadian army and intelligence Service agents arrested him in Oman in June and took him to Canada, where they handed him over to U.S. authorities. Masar's week-end, Jabarah had apparently attempted to bring part of a bombing plot and was facing terrorism charges.

Arson in barn fire

Authorities fired the possibility that an arsonist caused a blaze at Toronto's Woodbine Racecourse that killed more than 30 thoroughbreds. William H. Hooton, an inspector with the fire marshal's office, said that while the cause of the early morning blaze on Aug. 4 is still unknown, none of the evidence uncovered so far suggests the fire was an accident. Hooton said investigators identified the spot in the barn complex where the fire started. Samples from the dead horses' lungs are also being tested to see if an accelerant was used to spread the blaze.

Violence in Colombia

In the run-up to his election on May 26, Colombia's new president, Álvaro Uribe, vowed to crush the Marxist guerrillas who have waged a campaign of terror against the government for the last 38



Uribe and a top internal minister.

years. But the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia armed by Uribe's forces and fired four mortar shells into the crowd attending his inauguration, killing 34 and wounding 30, made no mention of the bombs in his address, but immediately flew to the northern town of Villavieja, where he unveiled plans to make the country's roads safe from rebel attacks and kidnapping.

Surgery | The twins' tale

Cheers and applause greeted the successful end to 22 hours of surgery in the operating theatre of the Maimi Children's Hospital at UCLA in Los Angeles, where doctors separated twin Guatemala one-year-old girls joined at the top of the head. Surgeons were cautiously optimistic about the twins' prognosis, saying that because both Maria Theresa and Maria de Jesus, Quil Ahonso had a fully developed brain and did not share any major logical functions, their long-term prognosis is "good, excellent."

In Guatemala, the twins have become

known as Las Marías—"the little Marys." They were brought to Los Angeles by the non-profit organization Healing the Children, and their extensive and subsequent medical care will cost the hospital about \$551.5 million. "God will somehow rescue them," said the twins' father, Amecilia Quil-Idris, a former self-worker in southwest Guatemala. Maybe the privilege brought by the successful procedure will be enough doctors around the world have so far attempted in other such operations, with only seven of the 60 children who underwent surgery experiencing no brain damage. At week's end, Las Marías resided in critical condition.



Doctors were cautiously optimistic that "Las Marías" would do well after their operation

What's \$3.3 billion?

Oops, they did it again. As if scandal-ridden WorldCom Inc.'s \$153.6 billion in hidden expenses wasn't enough, auditors found another \$3.3 billion in accounting "irregularities" (the news got a deeper on the newly seeping U.S. stock markets, where the Dow Jones industrial average measured a near record 5.3-per-cent rally in three days on the New York bourse). WorldCom, now in bankruptcy protection, said it would have to revise its financial statements from 2000 onward. The move of bad news also swirled around lifestyle guru Martha Stewart, under suspicion of fraud or selling far flung shares in Int'l. Co. Systems Inc. a day before they tanked. Int'l. Co. founder and close Stewart friend Sam Wainel was charged with 13 counts of fraud and obstruction of jus-

tice. A congressional committee, seeking documents from Stewart, said it might subpoena her.

Murder charges for a parolee

Federal parole authorities thought cancer-prone Robert Moyes had been rehabilitated enough to receive day parole in 1993. They may have been terribly wrong. Moyes, 47, who had been serving a life sentence for armed robbery, allegedly went on a killing spree in British Columbia last week, after he was charged with seven counts of first-degree murder for a series of apparently drug-related killings in 1995 and 1996. The National Parole Board launched an investigation into how Moyes got his release. It kept the questions, and Canadian Alliance justice critic Chuck Caccia, "what were they doing letting him out in the first place?"

Passages

NAMED Supposed Quebec Court of Appeal judge Marie Deschamps, 49, will replace retired Justice Claire L'Heureux-Dubé on the Supreme Court of Canada.



Deschamps, who rose to businessman and former Quebec Liberal cabinet minister Paul Gobeil, has been with the province's high court since 1992 and is known as a tough but fair jurist.

The native of Repentigny, Que., is a specialist in administrative law and civil rights law and served on an advisory committee in 1996 that helped overhaul Quebec bankruptcy law.

AWARDED Former Ottawa Citizen publisher Russell Milne, 57, has been given a prestigious Nieman Foundation Journalism Fellowship at Harvard University. Although the Nieman board had already picked 25 fellows in May—including Montreal's Ottawa Bureau Chief John Golder—they opened up a new spot for Milne, who was fired after 31 years by Ottawa owner Corus Global Communications Corp., over an editorial criticism of Jean Chrétien.

SENTENCED Notorious Montreal gangster Gerald Mattocks, an alleged drug supplier to the Hells Angels, pleaded guilty to trafficking and will serve two consecutive 18-year jail terms. Mattocks, 42, made a plea bargain that guarantees he will not be extradited to the U.S. and will not have to testify against members of the biker gang.

ALIVE Ronnie Hawkins, the 67-year-old Arkansas-born rocker, who has made his home in Canada since 1958, will undergo surgery to remove a tumour from his pancreas. Doctors are unsure whether it is cancerous. Hawkins, who's famous for bringing together The Band, will release a new CD, *Sail Cruise*, in August—and still plans to tour in the fall.

DEED U.S. jazz great Roy Kral recorded nearly 40 records with his wife Jackie Cain. The duo's hits include Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most and Don't Forget Me. Kral, 80, died of congestive heart failure in New Jersey.

'You're facing the best guys. You have to get used to that.'

It's a fine summer day at Vancouver's Rob R. Miller Stadium, and 21-year-old baseball player—one of the five Canadians on the Single-A Vancouver Canadians—is playing out his dream. He's a US\$150-a-month outfielder, working his first season as a professional since being drafted in the 24th round by the Oakland A's after three years of college ball in Texas and Michigan. He grew up in Toronto.

My first team was the High Park Nationals. I had to run, it was a lot of fun back then, and it still is. After high school I went on to play college. We ended up winning the national championship in Division I junior college, and I did pretty well in the tournament. This year I started getting letters from various schools showing interest in me, and that's

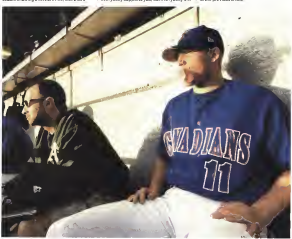
when I realized I had a shot at playing pro. During the national amateur I'm thinking there aren't that many guys from Canada in the area. I'm lucky to be here. Glad to be here, growing up in the cold, playing hockey all winter. I probably played baseball three months of the year my whole life until I went to college in Texas. I'm not that superstitious. I don't believe that much in it. Well, one thing is, when I'm working up at the end of an inning, I always throw underhand my last throw.

Going from college to pro has been a huge adjustment. Every guy here probably better than or four in the lineup in college, and every pitcher here probably No. 1 or No. 2 in the rotation. You're facing the best guys and you've just got to get used to that. Everybody supports you, but everybody's in

it to play the best and move up. The whole purpose is to move up in the organization.

We have six guys who are not long ago, it's amazing how they just drop guys like that. You just never know when it could happen, to catch on there's a lot of pressure. You just don't want your job. Here it's our job. But when you get on the field, you can't feel it. You're trying to hit the ball, trying to run and catch the ball, trying to throw the ball. You're not thinking about the coach, you're not thinking about the pressure, you're just thinking about doing that job.

The major leagues, that's my dream. I've never felt as talented so much talent in my life. If you're from Canada, you don't really see all these great players. So I'm learning every day, and hopefully I can just adjust. We live at the previous levels.



IT WAS 8:45 A.M. ON SEPT. 18, 1992, when the rail car transporting the replacement workers hit the trip wire, setting off an explosion so powerful that it drove bits of their flesh and bone deep into the hard rock ceiling. Today, almost a decade has passed since the name "Giant mine" became synonymous with strife and murder. But the wounds left by the 18-month strike-lockout, the killings, and the fallout from one of the largest murder investigations in RCMP history, have yet to heal.

MURDER AT GIANT MINE

Ten years later: is the right man in jail?



IT'S BEEN YEARS since anyone could gold out of the area around the 750-deft. The rich ore veins have been depleted, the rails pulled up and left to rust in the mine's wet passageways. The handful of men who still toil underground almost never have

reason to pass the spot where the mine men met their sudden, violent end. After all, it's cold and muddy 58 steps down inside the Canadian Shield, the air speed with sulphur and diesel fumes—a bad place to work. No one needs a reminder that it must be a wretched place to die.

It was 8:45 a.m. on Sept. 18, 1992, when the rail car transporting the replacement workers—Wes Fallowell, Norm Fiorie, Chris Neill, Joe Pandey, Shane Riggs, Robert Rowlett, Arnold Russell, Malcolm Sawyer and Dave Volonko—hit the trip wire, setting off an explosion so powerful that it drove bits of their flesh and bone deep into the hard rock ceiling. Almost a decade has passed since the name "Giant mine" became synonymous with strife and murder.

Today, the site of one of Canada's fiercest labour disputes could pass for a ghost town. Orange blankets of rust, spid-

along by the Arctic winters, are spreading across the machinery parked on the surface. The yellow handframe body needs a coat of paint. The mill buildings are idle (the links are that the skeleton still still produces is hauled across town for processing). There is a year, maybe two, left before complete shutdown.

But the wounds left by the 18-month strike-lockout, the killings, and the fallout from one of the largest murder investigations in RCMP history, have yet to heal. There are still some people in town who cross the street to avoid each other. The families of the nine victims are suing a host of parties they hold responsible for failing to stop the bombing-union members, the mine's former owners, the security company, the government of the Northwest Territories. The man convicted of the crime, Roger Warren, continues to pocket his income from his jail



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL



'No matter where I turned around there was always a cop in my face saying, "We know you did it." —Al Shering

cell. And now, the organization that helped clear David Milgaard, Guy Paul Morin and Thomas Sophonow is thinking of taking on his case.

This week, lawyers from the Association in Defense of the Wrongly Convicted, known to supporters as ADWYC, are so yellowknife interviewing Warren's friends and family, looking for fresh evidence to back up his claim that he falsely confessed to the murders to bring an end to the strife. The welcome they get from locals, many of whom with the rest of the world would just forget the darkest chapter to the city's history, might be as cold as the winter wind across Great Slave Lake.

"This kind of strife with the violence, and the pining of family against family, neighbour against neighbour, it impacts a community for a long time," says Pat McMahon, the former mayor. "Every time something new happens it just brings back all the raw feelings." A lot of people who were involved in the trials are reluctant to talk about it anymore. McMahon, a blunt, no-nonsense woman who ran the city from 1986 through 1994, makes a point of taping our interview. There have already been two books and a TV movie of the week about the murders, she says, Yellowknife are fed up with the bad publicity. For her, like many others, the only ques-

tion that lingers is whether Warren had any help. On the way out, she stops me on the stairs to deliver a benediction of sorts. "You misquote me and I'll rip your guts out." There is so much that follows, but her raspy voice softens a bit. "I have to live in this town, you don't."

NINE YEARS IN JAIL, a lifetime to go, and he still walks like a man worried about bumping his head on a low rack ceiling—then down, shoulders slumped, eyes scanning the ground before him. Dressed in the uniform of Manitoba's Stony Mountain penitentiary—white T-shirt, jeans with his name scribbled on the back pocket, a

flexible belt with a plastic snap buckle—he slings into a chair in an interview room that has been inexplicably decorated with a painting of a blue-eyed Mennonite boy wearing a sombrero. Roger Warren, now 58, hasn't been underground since the day in October 1993 when he confessed to the killings and led RCMP investigators on the long, ploy-down Giant's mine to the scene of the crime, but his dreams are still filled with gold. "It's sort of gets in your blood," he says. "I joke with the guys—if my penitentiary was to drive a dirt bike about 6,000 feet, and get it done on a tight deadline, I would figure that was excellent. Twelve hours a day, I wouldn't care. Gold for it." That's not what nine months of second-degree murder gets you, though.

His answer to the question is unequivocal, unhesitating. "I had nothing to do with it," says Warren. But that isn't what he once told investigators, or the undiscovered detective the RCMP placed in his jail cell in the hours after his confession, or his lawyers, or even his wife in the weeks following his arrest. Why he should be believed now is not a subject his lawyers want him to discuss. Neither is the question of who else might be responsible.

Warren knows he's asking a lot. Milgaard, Morin and Sophonow always said they were innocent. "You're not asking anybody to feel sorry for me," he remembers. "I'm just hoping ADWYC is successful. I don't need sympathy. I just need the truth."

YELLOWKNIFE OWES its existence to gold. Staked atop "The Rock," the high point in Old Town, and you can see the headframes of the two mines—Giant to the North, Can to the South—that were for so long the lifeline of the community. When Giant, just 30 minutes outside of town, opened in 1948, the owners were getting almost an ounce of gold per ton of ore they processed. By the late 1980s, they were lucky to get a quarter of that yield.

Mining executive Peggy Wise and her Vancouver-based company, Royal Oak Mines Inc., bought Giant in 1996, when the price of gold was around US\$400 and falling, already below the cost of extracting an ounce at the spring facility. An embroiled, hard-nosed boss, the Nevada-born Wise set about making the falling mine profitable by slashing costs and increasing production. Relations with mine staff and



'When somebody scabs you, it's worse than being robbed in the street.' —Bill Schmitz

their union, the Canadian Association of Smelter and Allied Workers, deteriorated. Many employees were offended by her tough, sometimes arbitrary, disciplinary measures (13 people were fired in Royal Oak's first year of ownership, including several union activists). Union reps were told that mine safety was being compromised in the pursuit of the bottom line. When the collective agreement expired in the spring of 1992, the price of gold was lower than it had been since 1985. Wise announced that she would be looking for gay cuts.

The miners planned to walk at 12 a.m. on May 23, 1992, but the owners looked them out the day before. Royal Oak had replacement workers on standby, and was backspacing them into the mine site within hours. It was the first time in 45 years that a Canadian mining company had tried to break a strike.

Wise, who has reverted to her maiden name, Peggy Kent, and now owns a meat-packing business in Penticton, B.C., just south of the Canadian border, says she doesn't regret the decision. Her primary responsibility was to her shareholders, so

keep the mine operating, no matter what. "You sit for hours and days and wait for what you could have done differently. But since we had the mine, there weren't a lot of choices. It was a life and death situation in terms of economics." Witte says she still thinks of the widows and families. On her office wall there's a framed cover of *The Financial Post* Magazine from December 1992-93, deep underground with a white hard hat and a wide grin. "Murder, Gold Is One Tough Kite," reads the headline.

The use of night-shift workers on rigid shifters from the beginning, there were tense confrontations on the picket line, threats of retribution and party acts of vandalism. The RCMP suspended by flying in a riot squad from Alberta. Royal Oak replaced its security company with Prokon's, an American company that had built its early reputation by crushing coal mine strikes.

"When somebody asks you it's worse than being robbed in the street," says Bill Schreier, the man who led the union local through the first months of the dispute. "They rob your family, they steal the food off your table, take the roof over your head. They're thieves of the worst kind." Schreier is still in Yellowknife, long gone from the mines, now working as a guard at the local correctional centre. A couple of strikebreakers are fellow employees. They don't talk any more than is absolutely necessary.

Over the course of the summer, the violence increased. The factors didn't cut one in downtown bars almost every night, and police and rioters smashed on the picket line. The federal government ignored repeated pleas from local and territorial officials to step in and legislate an end to the dispute. A squad of marines, calling themselves the "Cambodian Cowboys," began to sneak onto the sprawling mine property at night, harassing the Perkontous and engaging in acts of sabotage. Hyde police were toppled, when were shown. In late June, three of the Cowboys travelled underground to paint anti-semitic graffiti on the walls and machinery. "They stole blood, eyes and souls of powder from one of the mine's many unloved and unguarded explosive sheds."

The most daring members of the group, Al Sheering and Tim Berger, snipped up



'They were always saying they were going to blow up the mine. That's what they talked about every day.'—Norma Jervis

their actions. In July, Berger, a massive bearded man nicknamed "The Bear," tried to topple the mine's huge satellite dish with a stick of high explosives. At the beginning of September, he and Sheering, dubbed "The Weasel" by his foes, "The Night Crawler" by his admirers, set off a larger bomb near the equipment that pumped an underground to the miners. It was a chilling warning.

Norma Jervis's husband, David, was an underground miner. They lived with their three kids at the small company cottage near the mine's main entrance. At times, she says, the miners became a

mob, egged on by the most vocal picketers, people like Berger and Sheering. "They were always saying that they were going to blow up the mine," says Jervis. "That's what they talked about every day." Schreier, who proudly wears his union ball cap around town, admits the strikers were angry. There were acts of vandalism, lots of over-the-top rhetoric on the line, but none of the men who worked at Giant were capable of murder, he says. Maybe it was an accident—he and other Warren supporters drew to a theory that the replacement workers were coming closer to carrying explosives in their mine car,

something Warren himself says he doubts if it was a bomb, adds Schreier, someone else was responsible. "The mining was too good for the company. Nothing had happened in weeks, people were writing into their picket duty, they were getting strike pay." The RCMP made up its mind and found the evidence to fit the bill, he suggests. Detouring 38 kg of explosives by the side of the truck was the act of a "con-artist," and that's not a word he would use to describe Berger. Warren "He never struck me as someone who would risk you in the back," says Schreier. "If he has something to say, he'll say it to your face."

JAMES LOCKYER is sequestering the negatives. Laying back in a chair at his Toronto office, the founding director of the AIDWYC stretches out his long, blue-jeaned legs and runs a hand through his thick mop of curls. No decision has been made about Roger Warren's case, he stresses. It might be two years, or more, before he and the other lawyers finish plowing through the voluminous transcripts from the mine's trial, his failed appeal, and the 12 lengthy narrowings he had with RCMP investigators before rudely, surprisingly, confessing to the crime. AIDWYC doesn't normally talk

about the case or its probing. For good reasons, when news of its interest in Warren leaked out earlier this summer, it took so many who saw the letters to the editor pages in *Yellowknife* were filled with angry exchanges. "Some mine people, who seem to care nothing for the families of the dead men or for justice, suggest Warren made a false confession for his fellow workers," (standard the *Yellowknife* newspaper in an editorial "If such were true, it would make Warren an extraordinary person, certainly a candidate for sainthood. But it wasn't true and he's only extraordinary in killing nine innocent men.")

But despite the disclaimers, it is clear AIDWYC has serious misgivings about Warren's conviction. The mine's case has several of the "hallmarks" of a false confession, says the lawyer. The jury in his trial was forbidden to hear expert testimony about Warren's state of mind and why some people are motivated to take responsibility for a crime they didn't commit, he adds. This fall, the organization will bring in an international expert on false confessions to consult on the case. The only real hurdle appears to be the nagging question of whether Warren might be covering for somebody else. "Our mandate is that we have to decide as an organization that he's innocent," says Lockyer. "It's not enough to say he was convicted through an error in law."

Roger Warren was never one of the RCMP's primary suspects. That dubious honour went to Berger and Sheering, who both ended up serving time for their "Cowboy" raids. A fairly minor, active in local affairs, Warren was an ice miner who regularly brought in \$500,000 a year in salary and bonuses. He may have been grumpy and a bit aloof, but he had no record of trouble with the company or anyone else. Warren was on the picket line in the early morning hours before the explosion. Investigators kept coming back to him because he claimed to have seen two unidentified men walking on the mine property. Police suspected he knew more than he was saying, perhaps who had maintained the crime. Then when they discovered Warren owned a pair of boots that were the same make and size as the ones they believed the killer had worn in his trek through the

The Giant mine site has little activity today, but in 1992 it was the focus for Yellowknife demonstrators who chanted "Scale go home!"

'Once we had the reins, there weren't a lot of choices. It was a life and death situation in terms of economics.' —Peggy Wirtz



mine, detectives simply assumed he had left there to someone else.

Warren's confession came as a shock to the RCMP. He had steadfastly denied his involvement, taken two lie detector tests (both say of results were deemed inconclusive) and wasn't known to have taken part in any of the Cambodian "Cowboys" stories. It was an outsider—Gregg McMartin, a polygraph expert from the Calgary detachment—who denied that Warren had been directly involved in the crime. McMartin had posed over transcription of the miner's previous interviews with police and found them riddled with the kind of verbal ticks and overly precise recollections common to people who are lying. McMartin spent two hours alone in a room with Warren, drinking, begging, accusing, explaining the miner until he finally admitted to planting the bomb.

Late that night, Warren took officers on a tour of the mine, retracing the long route down from an isolated shaft to the site of the explosion in the 750-drift, providing details only the killer would know, say police. Afterwards, he led investigators to a pond where they found a matchbox containing a pen for a triggering mechanism, and to a river where they found the buried remains of one different pair of boots.

McMartin, who now runs his own polygraph consulting business and teaches people how to catch liars, says he often thinks of the Gault investigation. How surrealized the murders were, how cold-blooded the criminal. "The one striking thing about Roger Warren was that when he did confess he showed absolutely no remorse. I really found it strange. Most killers show some emotion, some regret, but to him the miners were just 'f---ing jobs,'" says McMartin. (Warren draws a sharp little breath and his face goes hard when I tell him about the comment. "That's his impression," he says icily. "I had

no remorse because I never had nothing to do with the killings.")

The former RCMP officer has heard about the embryonic efforts to have the federal minister of justice review the miner's conviction. He knows most of the questions will centre on the way he conducted himself in the interview room that October day. McMartin makes no apologies for doing what it took to obtain a confession. There will always be people who are ready to believe the police are out there hatching war. "O.J. Simpson—bloody glove," he says. "Roger Warren murdered nine people and they're not going to say no at all until thinking he was wrongly convicted."

THERE ARE THINGS about Warren's confession and the evidence against him that never quite added up. The four-hour window police maintain he had to travel on foot deep underground, construct a bomb, and escape without many with underground experience is an awfully tight proposition, bordering on far-fetched when his health was failing. No trace of a mining detector or any mechanism was found at the scene of the explosion, and RCMP Pespis had difficulty getting the boots Warren described to them to work. Investigations were convinced the boots they seized from Warren's home were the ones the killer had worn in the mine, but why then did the miner buy and dispose of different pair?

A jay of Warren's peers heard these arguments at trial and found him guilty, concluding whatever doubts there were, they weren't reasonable. An appeal court upheld the conviction. The Supreme Court of Canada refused to take another look at his case.

Today, on AIDWYC's advice, Warren refuses to discuss the circumstances of his conviction. But at trial, he claimed he was deeply depressed the day he murdered nine

the RCMP officers and took the trip. He had been having heart trouble, and the medicos had left him listless and resentful. He had found a growth in his groin and was convinced it was cancer. When he had publicly vowed not to negotiate until someone was charged with the murders, Warren said voices in his head were urging him to sacrifice himself so his friends could go back to work.

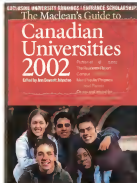
Vancouver psychologist Robert Ley, an authority on false confessions—a phenomenon that he says is quite rare—spent 25 hours examining Warren in the run-up to his trial. The Simon Fraser University professor says the miner displayed some of the traits common to those who try to take the blame for crimes they didn't commit—low self-esteem, poverty, compliance. "He was clinically depressed at the time of the confession," says Ley. "He was quite god-fiddled about many things in his life. There were certainly a number of personal, psychological and situational factors that raised the possibility of a false confession." The trial judge refused to allow Ley to testify about anything other than Warren's state of mind, ruling the scientific evidence about false confessions was too weak. Even today, despite a growing number of overturned convictions, many remain dubious about the phenomenon.

Liz Sellick, a Yellowknife-based reporter for the CBC, co-authored one of the Gault mine books, *Dying for Gold*. He and his writing partner, Francis Thompson, spent four years working on the project and conducted more than 350 interviews. They believe someone else set the bomb. "A lot of the information that the RCMP used it was holding back was common knowledge, or had noted out," says Sellick. Investigators ignored the inconsistencies in Warren's confession because of the pressure they were under, he says. "The police wanted

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MACLEAN'S



'People are so worried that Roger was wrongfully convicted. My husband was wrongfully killed!'

—Doreen House

this suited and they wanted it solved very badly." The challenge for ALDPYC, if it decides to take on Warren's case, will be proving the blame on someone else.

THERE ARE A PAIR of worn workboots, filled with mud, at the bottom of the front steps to Al Shearing's house. Inside, aspect No. 1, slight and wiry with a bristly grey moustache that overshadows his gleaming white dentures, is fiddling a steady stream of phone calls from well-wishers. "Yes boy," he shouts into the receiver in his broad Newfoundland accent. "No, no, I've with a reporter! I'll see you later at the bar!" It's two days before Shearing's wedding—he married Kathy Haywood, the sister of Roger Warren's wife, on July 10. Shearing came back to Yellowknife in 1996, at the end of his 2½ year sentence for the best shaft bombing. Now, he's trying to ensure his friends come home too. Shearing seems confused by the possibility that efforts to secure Warren's freedom could end up putting him back on the hot seat. "I can take it," he says, laughing. "I know I didn't have nothing to do with it."

For 13 months, RCMP investigators watched Al Shearing and Tim Berger's every move. They bugged their phones, their homes, their cars, and dispatched paid informants to gain their confidence. Shearing was interrogated three times and, on the advice of his lawyers, refused to take a polygraph test. Berger, who did not respond to an interview request, was questioned numerous times, and he too denied all involvement. "It was a hassle," Shearing recalls. "No matter where I turned around there was always a cop in

my face saying, "We know you did it" and "We're going to get you" and all that crap."

Shearing says he knows the confusion is false. The night before Warren took the blame, he and Shearing sat in the Polar Bowl bar, poring over an *Edmonton Journal* story that detailed the killer's route through the mine, and theorized about how a bomb might have been set up. They talked about Warren's view that the strike wouldn't end until someone was charged. Shearing is a proponent of the accident theory. He says the company and the RCMP were in a hush, trying to break the union. "Every one of us was capable physically, technically. But no one had the balls," he says, waving his eyes in the air. His hands are black, permanently stained with oil and grease from his years as a heavy-duty mechanic. "Even if it was safe that was blown up, it was nine people. It would play on your mind." I ask if he has any trouble sleeping at night. He laughs. "I got no problems at all," he says. "And Roger's the same way."

Many of the miners have moved away over the last decade, but the community of those who believe in Warren's innocence remains tight. Shearing still talks with Berger, who now lives in Saskatchewan, and other union brothers who have scattered across the country. Also, Warren's older daughter, and her mother Helen, continue to live in Yellowknife. Roger is still listed in the phone book. "We feel comfortable living here because we know he's innocent," says Ann. "It's a tough and tragic situation for everyone involved, but we've been hoping for a long time that someone would take a look at all of this."

The violence at Grant forged another

close group—the eight widows and 27 children whose lives changed forever that September morning. They, too, are anxiously watching the news reports, vowing to see if ALDPYC will take up the case of a man convicted of one of Canada's worst mass murders, and hoping everything they've been trying to put behind them for the last 10 years. "I've had three calls from the girls this week," says Doreen House, whose husband Norm died in the union and crossed the picket line. "When you think, I just don't know what my husband would have done in this situation, we're there for each other. We call each other because we know what each other is going through."

At the prison, Warren passes for about 10 seconds, shifting uncomfortably in his seat, when I ask him how he responds to the widows. "I don't know what you say that would ever be adequate," he says, finally. "Nobody wants to see anybody suffer that kind of loss." He weeps again and caresses his arms. "I didn't have nothing to do with killing their husbands, that's all I can say."

House, who sat through the entire trial, says she doesn't know how anyone can doubt Warren is a murderer. She's frustrated, knowing painful memories will be dredged up again. "Nobody is writing the story about these men, our husbands, who paid the ultimate price. People are so worried that Roger was wrongfully convicted. My husband was wrongfully killed!" she wails. "Roger isn't at his family, can go visit him. He's still alive. He didn't leave us with anything." Just questions that some people refuse to believe have been answered.

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DRUMBEATS OF WAR

Washington wants Saddam Hussein out of the picture, but will its allies come outside?

IT WAS A WEEK WHEN ashraf roiled with a peculiar intensity, and probably as little devotion to boot. In Baghdad, tens of thousands took to the streets, pledging death to punitive Western invaders, while Iraqi strongman Saddam Hussein played a trump card: he would be willing to at least negotiate the return of UN arms inspectors, the issue that has made him even more of an international pariah over the past three years. Would that be enough to stop the drumbeat of war emanating from Washington? To satisfy the world that Iraq is not stockpiling weapons of mass destruction? Or was it just a ploy to buy deployment time should foreign troops turn up at his back door?

Iraq's offer raised a diplomatic—if wary—response from several countries, Canada among them, and the United Nations. But it was followed by a Saddam rant warning foreign invaders to carry their own coffins if they come. Certainly the White House was not amused. If anything, America's reason to bomb Saddam was too obvious to move, some in the U.S. hope, might inspire a wave of democratic reform across the Arab world—at least to be gaining steam. Multinationals in the U.S. are working overtime to replace the precision missiles the United States on Afghanistan. U.S. military operations are reportedly checking out landing strips in the Middle East. And, just in case, the U.S. is determinedly filling up underground reservoirs in Texas and Louisiana with 700 million barrels of oil, to cushion a major disruption of foreign oil from the Gulf.

The White House even created the lead crew of an allied Iraq opposition group to Washington to meet key administration officials. Topping it all off, Gen. Tony Franks, the U.S. commander who triumphed in Afghanistan, presented the White House with a new quick attack plan to topple Saddam's regime with massive British and American air power and to finish the job that the President's father,

George Bush Sr., left undone when he waged the 1990 Gulf War to punish Iraq for invading Kuwait.

Will George W. Bush take up the cudgel, even in the face of growing international concern, against someone he has characterized as an evil dictator with a potential supply of nuclear, chemical or biological weapons? "I'm not entirely convinced war is inevitable," says David Radd, director of the Canadian Institute for Strategic Studies. "I think we need to see much more serious military preparation than we've seen so far. All this can still be seen as a great big psychological warfare campaign"—to get Saddam to comply with international inspections.

Still, Radd concedes it's hard to gauge American resolve. Very high officials in the White House, as well as influential senators in both the Republican and Democratic parties, have been privately telling reporters that they believe an invasion to topple Saddam's regime could take place later this year or, more likely, early next year before the hot weather makes it impractical for soldiers to wear heavy chemical protection gear. Bush is said to be totally committed to what he calls "regime change" in Iraq and has said so much so that subject that his political advisers are probably won't be deterred in 2004 if Saddam is still in power then.

But all the U.S. attention is making Washington's allies uneasy. Last week, German Chancellor Gerhard Schröder spoke out strongly against an invasion. So did Saudi Arabia, which had evicted U.S. troops to its aid during the Gulf War and now says it won't be used as a staging ground. No longer of Saddam, Arab countries are nothing but upstaged in their own backyards as Washington might act against the U.S. war machine. Then British Prime Minister Tony Blair, America's strongest and so far only ally in this reluctant-American and British joint effort, has already attacked Iraq troops 25 times this

year while parading a supposedly detailed anti-air force—some to be leaving some raincoats. His concerns are not to crush military but what to do after Saddam is ousted. His 23-year-old regime is so entrenched that its center would leave a vacuum to be filled by minority factions, or worse, by neighboring neighbors like Syria.

By week's end, Bush appeared to be moderating his position somewhat. He told an audience in Mississippi that "I will be patient and deliberate. We will continue to consult with Congress and, of course, with our friends and allies." He promised to pursue all options, including diplomacy, but also declared that "as we seek to evolve, we will deal with them."

Pulling back from the brink? Hard to say. The new military plan brought to the White House envisions a surprise attack on Baghdad, the epicenter of the Saddam regime, then move out from there.

It is perhaps the realization of that trade-off—fewer troops, more civilian casualties—that has captured the world's attention.



Iraqis are talking tough about Bush, and in Baghdad even walking all over him



Even Canada, where the timing of such an assault, in early 2003, could fall smack in the middle of a Liberal leadership contest or possibly an election. In June, just Clinton dismissed any talk of an attack on Iraq, and Canada's involvement in one, as purely hypothetical. Last week, Foreign Affairs Minister Bill Graham went further: Canada is not prepared to join any U.S.-led attack nor backed by the UN unless there was a "clear and present danger" to itself or any of its allies. To that, Graham told Maclean's: "I've been pummeled with so much evidence from anybody that Iraq is planning an imminent attack or has access to weapons of mass destruction that would be used in such an attack. Nor any evidence Iraq, Iraq to the al Qaeda attack" on the U.S. on Sept. 11. "We're not naive about Saddam Hussein," the minister said. But Saddam has opened the door to renewed

UN inspections and while that "can't dig on forever," Graham noted, it should be given time to play itself out.

In any event, Canadian efficacy evanescent to an anti-Saddam campaign might be more. Canada chose not to replace its Afghanistan contingent, citing lack of resources, when a six-month tour of duty ended last month. As well, some defense analysts say Canada expended close to its entire stock of laser-guided missiles during the Kosovo war three years ago and that these have not been replaced.

Add to this something of a sea change in Canadian public opinion. Over the past few months, Canadian support for U.S. causes and the war against terrorism has fallen off noticeably, says Ottawa-based pollster Frank Graves of Eikon Research Assoc. In January, 32 per cent of Canadians were prepared to back an attack against Iraq while 26 per cent opposed it. By April, the numbers were almost reversed: 42 per cent opposed, 35 per cent in support. "I think we are seeing some of the old American sympathy resurfacing now," says Graves. "I wouldn't put it up there with health care or the economy. But Canadian's sense of our distinct place in the world—especially, distinct from what the U.S. is doing—has very important implications politically."

Public opinion can change quickly, of course. But opinion-shaping, even alliance-building, may not be what this latest gambit is all about. At the back and forth last week, it was hard to tell whether Washington was trying to lay the public relations groundwork for a war, or whether the international community was seeking to end the dimensions of a possible war. In George Bush's White House, war with Iraq seems to have become a heady story of that day, almost historical apogee, a grand finale, even a grand endgame to right Middle East wrongs—too much oil, too little democracy—with one big punch: An One White House official told Maclean's: "The road to the Middle East goes through Baghdad. Once you have a democratic regime in Iraq, like the ones we helped establish in Germany and Japan after the Second World War, there are a lot of possibilities." And personally a lot of blood as well.

With William Leavelle, in Washington



BUILDING A NEW NATION

Canadians bring hope to an impoverished land

IN THE SUMMER, when the rains stop, East Timor's Loro River is hardly a river at all. It trickles in meandering streams through a wide valley that drops down from dry hillsides fringed with gum trees for districts like Aulao Suro, pop. 1,300, far up the valley, the dry season means an ongoing search for drinking water. It is no uncommon for women and children—the usual water bearers—to walk 10 km to fetch it. But up the valley, the dry season means a treacherous journey into the mountains, through stands of giant banyan trees and thick with leaves the trees of dipterocarp, is the answer to Aulao Suro's dry season: a concrete holding tank and a small dam across a struggling creek. The labour to construct this rudimentary water system, one of three in the district, was local, but the money to build it came

from Canada. "With this system, we're proud and happy," says villager Armando Martins. "Now my wife can relax a bit."

The \$1,000 water system is only a small part of Canada's newest nation, East Timor—or, to use the official name of this small hill island since 200 less north of Australia, Timor-Leste. An RCMP officer heads the fledgling Timorese police force, a Vancouver aquatic biologist has been helping to create a fisheries department, and a Canadian runs the biggest super-market in the capital of Dili. Canadian aid groups like Ottawa-based USC Canada are working in villages across the country, and Canadian taxpayers this year will contribute more than \$6 million in foreign aid. But East Timor, which became inde-

pendent in May after a quarter-century of repressive Indonesian occupation and then two years of United Nations administration, will need all the help it can get. It is one of the world's poorest countries, with a per-capita annual income of \$540.

East Timor has a sad history of neglect and violence. After its 1999 referendum in favour of independence, pro-Indonesian militias went on a month-long rampage that left the population scattered, homes and businesses burned to the ground, livestock and motor vehicles stolen. "It's not really building a country," says East Timor police chief Peter Miller, an assistant commissioner of the RCMP who is expected to return to his job in Ottawa this December. "You're really building from scratch."

How much from scratch it evolves from a trip to Canadian aid projects in the Loro valley, near the border with the Indonesian province of West Timor. Before Canada started putting money into the area, villagers earned virtually no income. They ate what they grew and, when that ran out, they were hungry



Now, in the Loro, Canadian aid money has helped put into place irrigation systems so farmers can grow rice, selling some of their crops and using the proceeds to, among other things, buy stone necessities like soap and cooking oil. Another Canada-funded project involves a revolving credit scheme using cows instead of money. A villager gets a cow in return for planting fruit and shade trees to counter the effects of deforestation. He then gives the first calf borne by that cow back to the East Timor aid group that runs the project. The calf is given to another farmer, and the process continues.

It will take many such projects to make a dent in East Timor's poverty. In Aulao Suro, Napolean Nalunha, 33, lives in a thatched hut made of palm branches with a wife and six children. He has a cornfield and pineapple, mango and jackfruit trees he has planted to provide extra food and a little income. He can't really say how much he earns in a year, but it's clear from his torn shirt and shoddy children that he isn't a lot. Domingos Martins, another farmer in the area, supports his five chil-

dren on about \$80 a year—depending on the rice and how many animals he can sell (a goat fetches about \$40). Unfortunately for East Timor, Napolean and Domingos are hardly economic exceptions. World Bank figures show 65 per cent of Timorese live on less than US\$2 a day.

Things are not much better in Dili. The sleepy capital, where pigs run outside the main government building, was torn apart by two years of UN administration that employed more than 3,000 foreigners. Because of their presence, Dili may have had more epidemic outbreaks per capita than Vancouver's West End. But it was a bubble economy because of UN money, and with independence the bubble has burst. The new UN mission now has only about 120 foreign advisers.

One of those who profited during the two years was Kirk MacManus, general manager of Hello Master, Dili's first and largest supermarket. MacManus, 36, is hardly your typical usque manager, although he concedes that back home in Ottawa, he once spent a few weeks work-



MacManus (in light blue shirt) in Hello Master (opposite); thousands of Timorese live in shacks like the shacks (left). Armando Martins (right), Domingo Martins

ing at Loblaw's collecting shopping carts. During a 1993 backpacking trip through Southeast Asia, he ended up in Cambodia, where a UN mission had been established the year before to implement a peace deal and run elections. He started working for Morris Supply, an Australian construction company serving the mission. After Cambodia, Morris was contracted to handle supplies for the UN's Somalia mission, and MacManus followed.

It was sometimes dangerous work. In October 1993, while driving a truck from the main UN base in Mogadishu to the company compound at the port, MacManus and his crew, including Tyson Morris, the son of the company's owner, were caught in an ambush and Morris was killed. But MacManus continued to do work for the company until 1996, when two men affiliated with Morris called MacManus to see if he wanted to ac-

opportunities in East Timor. "When I got here, I needed a room and I couldn't find one," he recalls. "I figured if I couldn't get something that basic, maybe what this place needed was a supermarket." Four months later, Helle Møller opened its doors, initially to great success. But the store, owned by MacMunn's Mørns association, is hurting now, because half of its business came from foreigners who have since left. "The UN created a fake economy," MacMunn says. "What's here is not normal and it can't be sustained."

The fishery could provide jobs and export dollars, and Ali Stoodwell, a biologist with West Vancouver-based Hatfield Consultants, is trying to help the country develop it. During Indonesian rule, the offshore fishery was controlled by outsiders from the nearby Indonesian island of Sulawesi. When the Indonesians left, the military and militia destroyed or took away fishing boats and nets and wrecked the fishing port at Hato, part of Dili. Now the Timorese, with only outrigger canoes, confine their limited fishery to coastal areas. Stoodwell says foreign fishing company representatives regularly come to East Timor, looking for access to potentially valuable offshore areas. The problem, he says, is that East Timor has not established rules governing the fishery or set its maritime boundaries. "There's a lot of frustration," Stoodwell notes.

The most visible Canadian presence in East Timor may well be Miller and his contingent of 19 police officers from the RCMP and other forces across Canada, all wearing Maple Leaf badges on their uniforms. Their \$2.4 million in Canadian government funding represents almost half of Canada's annual aid budget for the new nation. Miller is responsible not only for 1,359 UN personnel from 41 countries who now police East Timor, but also for more 2,000 local officers who make up the new police force that will take over in 2004. "It's an ambitious schedule but there's a lot of pressure from the UN and donors to get the job done," says Miller.

When he took over command from a UN predecessor in November 2001, Miller found a police force in trouble, with problems among East Timorese officers and UN police who were barely seeing a good example. There were cases of officers drinking on duty and using excessive



"You're really building a country," Miller insists. "You're really building the world."

force, discipline and corruption were in short supply. "The UN was not happy with the way things were going," Miller says. But with previous experience in UN police missions in Haiti and the Western Sahara, Miller, 32, may have been tailor-made for the task he faced. He's an open, friendly man with some experience dealing with cultural sensitivities: in 1987 he was part of a task force that recommended 50th RCMP officers be allowed to wear turbans. But his cheery demeanor masks a no-nonsense professional born of 33 years in the RCMP.

His office in police headquarters in Dili is host of personal trappings, except for small photos of his three grandchildren and an RCMP musical ride guitar in the

background. Early in his tenure, eight UN police were found sleeping on duty. But Miller's response was swift—all were disciplined and four of the offending officers were sent home in disgrace. Later, five of 13 district police chiefs were replaced. "We ran a tight ship," Miller says. His tough stand has won the admiration of the East Timorese government. "He has done an outstanding job," says Foreign Minister José Ramos Horta. "Under him, the police have improved dramatically."

But for East Timor, there is still far to go. Asked if he doesn't find the challenge too daunting, Prime Minister Manik Albano answers simply: "We have no option." East Timor, he says, persevered through 25 years of occupation that left a quarter of the population dead, but people refused to give up. Ramos Horta says there's no reason to think that, having won its freedom, East Timor will now falter. "The pressure would always be with the worst for East Timor and time and spirit we have disappointed them," he says. Canada's ambassador, Terry de Kretschmer, concurs: "East Timor will get over the hump" he says. And Canadians will be lending a hand. ■

East Timor, which became independent in May after a quarter-century of Indonesian occupation, will need all the help it can get—it has a per capita annual income of only \$540

THE KILLING FIELDS

Pesticides work. To some folks, that's the problem.

PESTICIDES—whether insecticide, herbicide or fungicide—vary in their effectiveness at killing their specific targets. But one property the chemicals share is their ability to trigger strong reactions. Pesticides offer such benefits in promoting weed-free crops or eradicating disease-

carrying pests, but people concerned about the effects on their health say that's too high a price to pay. Last week's announcement that the mosquito-borne West Nile virus has spread more quickly than expected since its 1999 arrival in North America offers a typical scenario. The virus can be

fatal, but only rarely so, and that leaves health authorities from Quebec to Minnesota grappling with the question: to spray or not to spray?

And so it goes. In times, there's a growing movement to ban the cosmetic use of lawn chemicals. In the countryside, runoff from sprayed farmers' fields is a hot-button topic. But what exactly is the fuss all about? As the pesticide industry maintains, no study has definitively proven the chemicals are harmful. Still, research continues to suggest links between various pesticides and toxic side effects. This page indicates some of these links.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE



Air. Insecticides are the result of spraying or through evaporation. Airborne insecticides can travel great distances—and far from the intended target.

Useful insects, such as ladybugs and honeybees, can be affected directly by insecticides, or indirectly when herbicides kill the plants they rely on for food. And so it goes. In some cases, the pesticides can be carried by the wind.

ON THE SURFACE, birds and insects can take the granules for food and eat them.

Children are most susceptible to all this, either in the ground, they just think they're playing. And so it goes. In some cases, the pesticides can be carried by the wind.

So, pesticides are not so simple. Some studies have found that less than five per cent reach their intended target.

There, not only do they poison insects, say, or aphids, they kill or reduce the activity of beneficial organisms. These include bacteria, which assist in the necessary decomposition of plant and other materials, earthworms, which help aerate the soil and the appropriately named dung beetles.

NEW YORK North meadow and ground water can transport pesticides where they were never meant to go. Pesticides were found in an area south from the Pacific Ocean, in one whale.

Caddis flies, a critical link in the aquatic food chain are affected. The high or up the food chain, the more pesticides become concentrated in the animals. They have developmental multiple sex organs—sometimes both male and female.



Size matters, but Alberta's Price and Manitoba's Van-Koughnet (opposite) have found that innovation is key

SUCCESS DOWN ON THE FARM

Despite the Prairie crisis, many operations are diversifying—and thriving

DAVE PRICE takes a visitor for a driving tour of just part of Sunterra Enterprises, a multimillion-dollar farming, food processing and retail conglomerate which he oversees along with first younger brother. The trip encompasses a huge swath of rolling crop and ranch land near Assin, Alta., about an hour's drive northeast of Calgary. Along the way, we pass the section (266 ha) where Price's parents, Stan and Flo, started a traditional mixed farm—grain and livestock—in the 1950s. Price, 32, relates how adjacent lands were acquired over the years from neighbouring

farmers, either as they retired or because they could no longer make a go of it. He casually refers to members that live at the overall size of the enterprise. Over here is a farm with 38,000 animals, just part of the 158,600 Sunterra pigs raised for slaughter annually. Over there, some 15,000 cattle pass through the millings of a high-tech feedlot, designed by Price's brother, Doug. In between is more than a third of the 3,300 ha of land the family crops each year.

The Price empire doesn't end here. There are other croplands, and other feed-

lots, as far afield as Coon, 300 km to the northeast. There's the 2,500-hog per week processing plant in Trochu, due north of Assin. Then there's perhaps the most unique aspect of the operation: its upscale supermarkets in Calgary and Edmonton where customers can shop for Sunterra-branded steaks, sausages and pork chops along with general grocery items. All told, Sunterra employs about 600 people and generates more than \$100 million in annual revenues. Which kind of begs the question: can this still be considered a family farm and, if so, what does

that say about the future of agriculture in Western Canada?

Dave Price has his own thoughts. "We do consider ourselves a family farm, though I'm sure many would not," he says with a wry smile. "To me, it's more the character of the business than how many bodies are involved."

In for agricultural trends, that's a subject that clearly animates the assiduously soft-spoken Price. Consolidation—fewer farmers, larger farms—has been going on for decades, he notes. "But it's the same in every sector, with the possible exception—another very subtle—of government." Continues Price: "We don't have the corner butcher shop or the coat-machine garage. Why should farming be any different? Unless you want to turn it into a social program. But that would be a tremendous waste of resources and a huge burden on the taxpayer public. The media and politicians like to focus

on the traditional image of farming, what I'd call a 1960s image, of an individual carrying a bucket and dumping it over a rail fence. Certainly, those places exist, but they are not producing the food for this country, or for export."

Robert Wilson, vice-president of agricultural studies at Osh College, an agricultural institution initially established in central Alberta 50 years ago to train immigrant prairie farmers, has a more succinct description of what the Prices have wrought: "Some family," he observes, "some farm."

Wilson says it admiringly. He thinks Sunterra is a leading example of a farm-based operation that is "vertically integrated"—a phrase he borrowed in the ag-food business these days. That means it has diverse interests and manages to survive the industry's harshest weather and economic cycles by spreading risks over what

used to be three distinct aspects of agriculture: production, processing and marketing. Moreover, says Wilson, Sunterra is a farming success story—and far from the only one. "There's all kinds of stuff going on, and it gets very little attention. What we have about is when there is a drought or other natural disaster, or some U.S. trade action delivers a new blow. People start to predict the end of agriculture as we know it, but it's not really true. This is a pretty vibrant industry which still has a lot of legs despite real difficulties in some sectors."

SUCCESSFUL FARMING is certainly not what is making the headlines this season. While farmers in the southern Prairies are looking at a decent crop year thanks to memorial rains in late June, north-central Alberta and Saskatchewan are in the grip of a severe and prolonged

NO MAKING HAY HERE

Likings farmer Bill Sharp has been through some tough times. But not even Sharp, who grew up during the Depression on his grandfather's farm near Saskatchewan, Alta., has seen anything like this bad. With drought wreaking havoc on grain production, Sharp was recently forced to sell 15 of his 22 head of cattle from his 194-hectare farm at Wainwright, Alta., for lack of feed. But his fortunes changed dramatically on Aug. 2, when Sharp, who will turn 60 next week, received an early birthday present.

His name, along with 35 others, was shocked from a lottery drum of more than 1,600 hopefuls. Each winner was awarded 100 kg of hay donated by farmers in Ontario and Quebec as part of Hay West—a grassroots project, literally and figuratively, set up to ease the pressure on Western Canadian farmers. "It's an amazing gesture," says Sharp, who expects the hay to help him through the winter. "It made me realize the East really does think about us in the West."

The relief is the benchmark of Wilfred Macleod's arrival in Wainwright, who both on his farm in Anson, Ont., says he has a super year for growing hay and they really needed it," says Wilfred, 44. "It just seemed like the right thing to do." The federal government agreed to pay for half of the cost of the hay for press and placed \$100,000 to cover feed costs, while CF and Ck fed supplied rail cars. Mr. Wilfred's inspectors predict that about 3,600 tons of hay will have been sent by train to Alberta and Saskatchewan by this week.

drought. Grain farmers, faced with fields caked by the sun into virtual sand dunes and encircled by herds of ravenous grasshoppers, are either plowing this year's wheat crop into the ground or weeding what they can for animal feed. Last week, the Canadian Wheat Board said this year's wheat output may be 17 per cent lower than last year's. Cattleman are auctioning off hinds they can no longer afford to feed at bargain-basement prices. For many, it will take years to recover—if they ever do.

For those who can look up from the ravages of Mother Nature long enough, there is another dire, and longer term, threat looming on the horizon. For years, Canadian farmers have complained they compete on an uneven playing field because of the far more generous subsidies American and European governments pay to their



Cattle from Ontario are unloaded in Wainwright, Alta., for lottery winners

Another 5,000 tons is still available, while \$40,000 in cash donations has been collected to help cover other costs.

Although a second lottery is planned and similar initiatives are popping up across Canada, all involved realize it's a short-term solution. Severe drought and the worst outlook of grasshoppers in a decade have left many Western Canadian farmers desperate. Total wheat production is predicted to be the lowest since 1916, and to make matters worse, unseasonable weather—including

slow and below-normal temperatures in some areas—is expected to threaten the quality of this year's crop. Last month, the Alberta government offered \$25 million to its farmers in direct grants, while Saskatchewan pledged \$20 million for drought assistance, but some farmers worry it may be too little, too late. "Animals are being slaughtered on a daily basis," says Jim Hunter, another lottery winner who owns a 32-head cattle ranch at Wainwright, Alta. "I was just talking to a lady who was in town because she has 400 head and only has feed for 200. She's going to have to get rid of 400. I almost feel guilty for winning."

Although "country-of-origin labelling" will lead U.S. exporters to show our Canadian beef and cattle exports, which last year were worth \$2.2 billion.

The three wings of the U.S. law provided demands for Canada to respond in kind with a new round of subsidies and create any trade action. On June 20, the federal government announced a six-year, \$5.2 billion farm safety net package, largely as a concession to earlier lending initiatives. Most observers see the bill as an attempt to offset the impact of foreign subsidies, though Agriculture Minister Lyle Vlasoff insisted it was intended to help farmers adjust to a variety of new challenges. Ontario feels that subsidizing it is responding to foreign trade policies would open the floodgates to other approved sectors, most notably the softwood lumber industry.

As for retaliatory trade measures, more than two months after the U.S. Farm Bill became law, none have emerged. Although some farm groups would like to see the U.S. law challenged before the World Trade Organization, many fear Ottawa's hands are tied by its own protectionist policies. Chief among these is a personal ban on beef of Prairie farmers' long-standing federal tariffs that shield dairy and poultry products, who are largely concentrated in one rich Ontario and Quebec, from free market forces. "We are not willing to put everything on the table," says Art Enos, president of the Western Canadian Wheat Growers Association. "Will we ever do so? Given the politics, I question it."

SOME BELIEVE the hard-scrabble, over-subsidized—and even the weather-unfazed—Wheat industry can't survive. The Alberta government offered \$25 million to its farmers in direct grants, while Saskatchewan pledged \$20 million for drought assistance, but some farmers worry it may be too little, too late. "Animals are being slaughtered on a daily basis," says Jim Hunter, another lottery winner who owns a 32-head cattle ranch at Wainwright, Alta. "I was just talking to a lady who was in town because she has 400 head and only has feed for 200. She's going to have to get rid of 400. I almost feel guilty for winning."

What Wilfred is arguing—and he is far from alone—is that farmers, to succeed, must harness the economies of scale afforded by running larger, technologically sophisticated operations—or find innovative ways to reach new markets and meet changing consumer demands. Or, as is the case of farmers, do all of the above.

In addition to steadily expanding their business, the Protes have been consistent innovators. As early as 1970, the family adopted advanced breeding techniques aimed at producing healthier, denser and leaner pigs. The push for lean meat was driven largely by consumers, it came down to five cents more in feed and takes longer to put a pound of fat on an animal as a pound of protein. But it also paid them to take advantage of subsequent trends. Sterility, the emphasis on safety and environmental standards has strong

appeal to countries like Japan, where Sater's now exports 90 per cent of its pork, feeding it from dependence on U.S. markets. And while Sater's has been hurt by this year's drought, size and prudence have helped cushion the blow, the Protes say to keep a year's supply of animal feed in storage, and use large enough to stand the toll-off of livestock that is happening all around them.

The move by the Protes, starting in the late 1980s, to process and retail their own meat was again designed to control quality and sugar discriminating consumers willing to pay a bit extra to know where their food came from. "Farmers always up everyone else in the food industry is making money but then," says Glen Protes, who owns the family's chain of urban supermarkets. "When we're tried to do it figure out where the costs and benefits were in getting involved downstream from just raising an animal and selling it."

Sater's is unusual in its diversity, but other small family farms have similarly evolved from humble beginnings into firms to be reckoned with. Florian Postberg bought his first eight-acre farm near Hardisty, Sask., in 1975, and this year produced 900 pigs for slaughter. He expanded steadily and in 1993 bought it in two increments and a chartered accountant as investor to found a corporate entity, Big Sky Farms. Since then, growth has mushroomed. Big Sky now produces 450,000 hogs annually at various sites and aims to deliver two million a year by 2005.

Ashe expands, Postberg, 35, has weathered crises, both from environmentalists and those who feel he is squeezing out smaller players. But Postberg, a proud Saskatchewaner, makes no apologies. The global hog industry, he says, is extremely competitive—and so are markets. At the same time, the vast majority of his pigs are processed within the province and sell

local grocers, creating jobs and income for rural Saskatchewan. While the father of eight (three sons are involved in the business) smokes Big Sky is not a typical family farm, he says it's a model that should be emulated. Adds Postberg: "It's about putting on something viable to the next generation."

Getting bigger, though, is not the only road to success. Brent VanKoughnet, 41, has taken over management of the 280-hectare family farm he grew up on near Carmichael, Man., and turned it into a kind of laboratory for the agri-food industry. He does field-scale trials for corporate clients of different crop varieties and agricultural practices, providing them with digital photos updates of how it's going. He also runs his own consulting business, Agri Skills Inc., and travels across the country, talking about the future of farming. His message, in short, is innovative, get out.

"The first thing I tell people," says VanKoughnet, "is to wipe your mind clean of all the mythology of the family farm. I also tell them the intellectual capital on our farms is worth more than the land." As an example of ingenuity, he cites a small group of Manitoba farmers who, a few years ago, abandoned traditional crops to grow grass seed and supply it on an exclusive basis to golf courses, from individuals who now millenarians. VanKoughnet says there are many similar, though unheralded, examples. "No one has a problem talking about how bad things are. But the most innovative producers are very quiet, because talking about it is like giving a gift to your customer."

With a master's degree in agricultural economics, VanKoughnet is perhaps typical of a younger generation of farmers who see what they do more as a business than a way of life. At Ugh College, which produces about 380 agricultural students a year, Wilson says the curriculum is increasingly geared toward management rather than labor skills. He is quick to add the students' enthusiasm, despite the challenges they face. "Many come from the farm and want to carry on the family business," he says. "They are very aware." At a time when farm news is dominated by reports of drought, manure, insects and deflating foreign subsidies, a bit of optimism may be the most precious commodity of all.

"The first thing I tell people is to wipe your mind clean of all the mythology of the family farm. I also tell them the intellectual capital is worth more than the land."



LOST LUGGAGE, LOST HOPE

Joe Clark has always brought his own, unique approach to politics

IN THE FALL of 1978, the Tory leader in Ottawa—leader Joe Clark abled by 10 points in the polls with an election statement—decided he should do a world tour to demonstrate his “international” expertise. When I crossed the itinerary from the Clark office in December, I knew immediately that disaster awaited us.

Aside from the fact that his official duties knew how to spell “Air India” or “embassy” and thought the Canadian Press, the best-known news organization in Canada, was “Canadian News,” it was clear no one in the future prime minister’s office had ever been on an airplane. The Mission Impossible-like itinerary planned had a 14-hour leg between Japan and India—Tokyo to Manila to Bangkok to New Delhi—this included a 65-minute change of airlines in Thailand. An hour to make more than two dozen bodies, 36 pieces of luggage, all the TV equipment that was to record his foreign live-show?

Of course he lost his luggage, his underwear, his expedition—five countries in 12 days, all planned by amateurs. Before we left, we promised press secretary Donald Doyle a 40-cent-a-minute advance over workload and got his bags through Bangkok; we would buy him five drinks the whole route. He laughed at our Strong Island-bro wine stuff. Work leaders chose weak stuff.

In Tokyo, after having been sent to Hawaii for several days to “rest up” for the ordeal, Joe Clark asked the Canadian ambassador to Japan what season it was. It was January. Ambassador Bruce Baskin looked at him. “It’s winter,” he explained. Three days later, when we got to India, Joe Clark asked a guide, “What season is that?” It was still January. The guide, pausing somewhat, explained that it was winter. It seemed Joe Clark thought he had crossed the equator and it was summer.

We took off from Tokyo in Japigawa, which had one of the world’s worst accident records. There were bullet holes in

the upright seats. In India, Joe Clark asked a farmer, “What is the quality of your acreage?” To another farmer: “How old are the children?” In Israel, he met a Tory MP and a candidate from Toronto ridings with large Jewish populations, and two important Australians in the Toronto Jewish community. They pressed him on the always-controversial question of moving the Canadian embassy from Tel Aviv—where most of the international embassies are based—to Jerusalem.

The Golan Heights, strange high ground controlling Israel’s eastern border with Syria, was a windy outpost for 125 Canadian peacekeeping troops. Joe Clark was to inspect a small Israeli guard-unit soldiers in one row, five in another. For some reason, body-unfriendly Joe Clark attempted a lunk left turn to remove the second row, only to run into the up-right bayonet held by Master Sgt. Ken Miller of Coxsack, B.C. “I could sense what he was going to do,” confessed good soldier Mike, “but I wasn’t about to move.”

In February of 1979, Joe Clark became leader of the Conservative party—beating the hated Brian Mulroney. Both were already serving for the PM spot when they ran as 17-year-olds at a Tory Tories conference. The Thirteen Star had the celebrated front-page headline: Joe W? On the day he was sworn in as Prime Minister at Rideau Hall, he went to the final press conference at the National Press Building on Wellington Street, across from Parliament Hill. The drill is that the president of the Ottawa press gallery gives the

first questions to the busywheels—the Canadian Press, the CBC, the Globe and Mail and so on down the line.

The 17th question was allowed to an outsider (modesty prevents revealing the name) who threw a curveball—thinking Joe Clark would deny it—saying we all knew he was moving the embassy to Jerusalem and asking what was the timetable. To our surprise, he swallowed the curveball and batted and pulled he would allow no External Affairs interference and would do it immediately. The poop, of course, hit the fan. Bennett critics swooned and he had to call in Scotland of Ankara to spend months calming the storm.

In December of 1979, his party facing a vote of confidence that evening that he didn’t have to call, Joe Clark was about to adjourn his daily staff meeting when he asked, “Has anyone else got anything to say?” Nancy Jansone, a 20-something side down the aisle who could scarcely add, said, “Yes. You’re going to lose the vote tonight.” There were five Conservative MPs from the ramp Quebec party whose support could have been secured with constant perfidious or fact-finding trips to Australia at Christmas. The next confidence Joe Clark ignored them. He lost the vote by six votes and P. Trudon, coming back from his short incarceration, was PM in three months.

In Winnipeg in 1983, Joe Clark demonstrated his party’s sexual conservatism: give him a vote of confidence. The vote came in, and there was a passing delay of the result for an hour, while Joe Clark had bled and argued with his handlers and his wife backstage. He finally came out to say he had won “only” 66.9 per cent support and, therefore, would call for a leadership convention. Where, of course, he was soundly whipped by the hated Mulroney who could not believe he lost.

One night, at a gala banquet at Rideau Hall, Prince Charles—well, knelt by his Burleson—found himself scored opposite Joe Clark. “Mr. Clark, excuse me,” he said, “but what was wrong with 67 per cent?” He’s an honest guy, but—as Dalton Camp once wrote—“If you’re over in a fight, Joe Clark will be the first person to offer to hold your coat.”

Allan Fotheringham reports every other about after being in Ottawa for 40 years.



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A DOCTOR'S ANGRY DIARY

Making the local rounds in Canada's crumbling health care system

OVER THE PAST decade, the landscape of Canadian health care has changed remarkably. Most people would probably say the changes have weakened the system and that they do not enjoy the services they once did. As a doctor, I have seen this gap tragically unfold, first hand. Crises sparked by funding cuts and reorgs. mistakes have occurred so frequently that health care providers have virtually forgotten what our life was when we had stable pay and growth in our industry. While our political and intellectual elite debates endlessly how to integrate health care "systems" to bring "seamless" care to our population, the actual system for providing the care has slowly disintegrated.

As a result, both citizens and health professionals have lost confidence in a system that was once a model for underserved nations. The gentle Mr. Japanese immigrant family felt when I graduated from medical school has given way to a suggestion that perhaps I should move to the United States, "where they treat doctors better." How we, as a nation, have arrived at this state can be chronicled by a review of the many policy changes enacted by our various government bodies. But it may best be seen through the eyes of someone dealing daily with people the system was designed to help. Here is my diary of a typical week in my town of Trenton, Ore.

Monday My day begins with a tip to the hospital. I was on call last night and have to do rounds on the newly admitted patients. The first is an elderly woman diagnosed with leukemia, a cancer of the blood cells. This woman has recently had chemotherapy that has all but wiped out her ability to cope with infection. She developed a fever during the night and came to the hospital. Her first is a strong sign she will develop a life-threatening infection. When I enter the room, a sad

woman says my gaze. She looks exhausted from the chemotherapy and is barely attempting to maintain her dignity and composure. Pale and driven, she attempts to smother out the nausea covering her now-bald head. "Good morning, doctor," she says. "How are you?" I reply, slipping on my professional mask. "I am Dr. Kiladeen and I have been assigned to look after you—I guess you don't have a family doctor?" No, she replies. "We left town several years ago and I haven't been able to find a new one since then."

The woman and her husband are elderly farmers. I come to realize that this woman has been desperately ill for herself, but also for her elderly husband, who had difficulty visiting the hospital. I leave the room feeling that she probably needs to stay in hospital for a few days. But she also needs a friend whose judgment and experience she can trust. That should have been her family doctor. Unfortunately, I have been forced into the job.

Clearing through my assortment of patients, I walk to the nurses who have become good friends over the past 10 years. They are something to discharge people to make room for new admissions waiting for a bed in the emergency room. We used to have more help getting patients ready for discharge, but this job has fallen on the nurses' already over-worked shoulders. We have very few full-time nurses here—most of the younger ones, unable to get full-time employment in Canada, have left for the United States. Those who are here often have to juggle two person jobs to make ends meet. Suddenly I hear a nurse I used to work with. She quit her job at the hospital and was now working at a car dealership. She explained that she was much happier with her job as it was so much less stressful. **Tuesday** The hospital lounge with its happy coffee beckons. News are, in happier times, the staff doctors used to bring out

three sipping coffee and trading war stories, now, it is getting more and more quiet. During the past 10 years we have lost so many doctors that, at 15, I have not even become one of the youngest doctors here.

Much complaining takes place among the medical staff—especially the old car medics who bemoan the "good old days." I often feel like saying, "Hey, guys, I haven't even had any good old days." Many are considering retiring, but the Norwalk wind machines have quashed these plans. Some of these guys have kids my age. I notice that many of these docs are trying to steer their offspring into careers in banking or computers rather than medicine. When I ask them why, they tell me they want their kids to be happy, not workaholics.

Wednesday This is going to be a hectic day. Already there are patients waiting at my office. My second patient is an elderly man who creeps into my examination room at a snail's pace. He has been waiting to have his hip replaced for many months. "You know, doc," he says, "I'll probably be dead by the time I see that fancy doctor you're sending me to." He has been waiting three months to get in to see an orthopedic doctor. Once he finally meets the specialist it will again be months before he has his joint replacement. Frustrated, I call his orthopedic surgeon and start to rant at him. "You know, Steve," he responds, "we can't do too many joint replacements. The hospital won't let us—the patient may be hospitalized too long and the metal implants are very expensive."

The conversation with the surgeon simply makes me more annoyed at a constant seeing people. Despite my perpetually out-of-date magazines and often early disclaimer, most of my patients value my opinion and frequently show it by bringing in baking and gifts at Christmas.



At Trenton Memorial hospital, Kiladeen sees the disintegration of a system that was once a model for underserved nations.



Five of losing the legions of local doctors without a doctor has prompted many to ask quickly if I am *flinching* to leave. I answer them that I am so much in debt to leave and that I am counting on these routine blood-pressure checks to finally pay off my mortgage (and put my kids through school—to become computer experts, I hope).

Thursday As the week wears on, I am called to the hospital in the evening to deal with a 60-year-old man who apparently can't breathe. The ER nurse is a little cryptic about his story: "Just get in

here quick, Steve, I think he's going to crap out on us." When I arrive, I find the man sitting up, gasping for air. He is sporting a long, grey ponytail and has a grey mustache. I am reminded of Willie Nelson. The nurse tells me that his family doctor started him on home oxygen because his lungs were so bad. The problem was that an open flame is not allowed with home oxygen, he kept not allowed to light up a smoke with his oxygen on, and the whole thing flared in his face. We think he has a mild smoke inhalation injury.

I start getting mad just looking at the guy. It is going to take hours of work for me to sort out what happened to him, my evening ruined because of his stupidity. I will have to decide whether he will go on a respirator, in which case he will occupy hours of my time daily and that of an expensive case nurse 24 hours a day. I realize that this guy will generate more cost to the Canadian taxpayer in a week than many other people will generate in their entire lifetimes.

The question I now face is whether I can get away with not putting this guy on a

reapportion. If I put him on one, we will make him dependent on the machine and he may never get off it, living the rest of his life hooked up. This is worrisome, as our little hospital has only two respirators and we have difficulty getting our territory referral hospital to accept patients like him. Who would want an old smoker stuck on a ventilator?

I run some tests, examine him and finally talk to a consultant. We agree to take a chance and leave him on our intensive care unit, but we hook off on the respirator. This is only because, if he weathers, he could die. Finally, at 3 a.m., I get out of his hospital. "What," someone, but many weeks will pass before he can leave.

Friday I arrive at the hospital to find that an elderly man has been transferred to my care. He is from a northern town and emigrated from Hungary after the Second World War. He is confused and we found wandering in the wilderness, lost. He does not speak English. Not knowing what else to do, the man's daughter brought him to hospital. She is adamant that I "figure out what is wrong with him because he is ours." Speaking to the gentleman, I get the impression he just wants to go home. In the end, all he has saying with him is some extremely low dose of diazepam, however, his daughter doesn't find it can cope with him. He limps in his hospital for days while I figure out how to do with him. I could say his hospital bed for someone else—if we had a running home or some, else it is to go home. Finally I explain the man's daughter to take him back home. This whole story as hospital could have been prevented if they had bothered to see their family doctor a few times to test him before he got too bad.

Saturday. The week finally ends with a call from the ER. One of my patients has come to the hospital with a ruptured lung. Years of smoking have weakened the man's tissues so much that one of his lungs has collapsed. He can't breathe well and is swollen up so much that I barely recognize him. He's in trouble. I call a surgeon at the tertiary care center who tells me that he can't take my patient. Sorry, our ICU is full. I realize there is no way I can look after this man without any help. I call the surgeon back and tell him he helps to at least have a look at him. "Oh, Steve, but he can't stay here." Later that day, the

Recently the hospital paid tens of thousands of dollars to recruit a new doctor. When I arrived 10 years ago, I was recruited with nothing other than a promise of work.

man arrives back from the tertiary care hospital with another tube coming out of his chest but not really any better. I start getting panicky, and one of the nurses suggests I call the "crucial care hotline." This is a mission by people whose sole job is to find specialists to help for doctors like ours who can't deal with extremely difficult patients. I call. The lady on the line gives me all the usual crap: "do you call the hospital, you normally refer to." "Obviously, you look, I didn't get any help from them, that's why I'm calling you."

I wait for an hour, figuring a "hotline" should be a quick response agency. Another hour goes by and I still get no response. I call them back. "We still haven't located a bed for your patient—we are calling all of the hospitals in Ontario to locate a hospital that will take him." Reaching the hotline will be useless, I start thinking about who I know who might be of help to this man. I remember that a long ago cousin at our local hospital is planning to move to BC but he has not left yet. Maybe he will take him, as he's leaving anyway. I call him, crossing my fingers. After a little persuasion about the desperate state the patient is in, he finally agrees to put him in their ICU. I thank him profusely. I have just spent two hours making phone calls—not seeing patients. At last the week ends, leaving me exhausted and stressed for some time off.

Driving home from the hospital my thoughts return to the many other family doctors I have known and worked with. Some are doing very well performing customer surgery at their offices, others have moved to the U.S. Still others have left their offices and have begun working in nursing homes or in emergency rooms. So many have drifted away from the job they were originally trained to do than remain, waiting to find the next case of some minor "country bumpkin" doctor who still makes

house calls. At my age, it's not too late to change jobs—maybe I can work in industry? I resolve to find out. My immigrant parents, having come from a desperately poor country, would be disappointed if I ever left this job. They believed so strongly in the Canadian medical system—to broad emphasis on equality and fairness. Still, they would understand my wanting to leave, as the stress of the past several years has gradually worn down any idealism and optimism.

My local hospital is now trying desperately to recruit its medical staff. We are already reducing the number of services offered, due to a lack of manpower. In contrast, the desk is stacked again in the hospital's emergency, in medical schools and fewer doctors going into family medicine will make things very difficult. Recently the hospital paid tens of thousands of dollars to recruit a doctor with the same training as myself. When I arrived 10 years ago, I was recruited with nothing other than a promise of work. Currently, he has only been successful in recruiting doctors from other small towns which probably mean their doctors as much as or more than we do.

REDUCING FUNDING and radically restructuring systems that had evolved over many years has resulted in providers and funding agencies no longer committed to the overall good of the Canadian population. They are now only committed to their own preservation. The situation has left the various groups fighting over the dwindling health care budget like a pack of vultures over a long-dreaded carcass. Eventually, it will lead to privatization of at least some health care services, as those offered to the public become more and more inadequate.

The gradual chipping away of our health care system has done far more than just reduce the quality of the services we offer Canadians. It has reduced our confidence in ourselves as a nation. And it has left these workers in the system forever looking for opportunities to get out. Only with a renewed commitment to medicine—and its funding—will we be able to reverse the apathy and cynicism that have crept into the health care industry. Then we can rebuild our system into something the country can once again be proud of.



THE ROCK OF AGES

It may be ugly, but my treasured fossil is a reminder of the vastness of time

I USUALLY don't like ugly things in the living room, but my little pet geologist I try to indulge. Just-bought fossils, unframed. Pop-art-styled cards and daisy socks to other parts of the house. But there is one object that is incredibly ugly that has a prized place in my living room—my fossil rock. It's the size and weight of a large subway, and the colour of the slab that collects in one, built into a beautiful story.

We live in a pretty typical North Toronto neighbourhood. There's about a square between our end-block house and the street. The alleyway is empty except for two gas meters, our neighbour's air-conditioning unit and some really old bins.

I was walking through there looking for rose rocks to put in front of my flower garden (being too cheap to buy any), and something caught my eye. I bent down to pick up this rock with a distinctive fossil on it, like the tail of an animal. It looked pretty neat, but I didn't think much about it until a pigeon took it as a corner of the house and got with life. Like a typical working mother of three, I am selfish with my time and rarely get to projects that aren't pressing.

One day, I noticed the fossil to a friend who is an avid naturalist and collector of weird things. He thought I should send him some kind of note about it. Eventually, I got around to calling the Royal Ontario Museum and learned that they have special clinics where people can bring down their treasures and have them identified.

The next time there was a full moon, I arranged for the kids to get a morning off school and away we went to the museum with our rock. It's amazing how many other people were doing the same thing. We stood in line with all shapes and sizes of people—some pulling wagons with huge rocks aboard, some with pet bags containing pretzel-shaped objects, some prapping things they clearly it's had enormous possibility. We anxiously watched our turn at the table where a

row of experts sat behind microscopes.

When we got to the front of the line, about 15 minutes later, a pale man with glasses gave me his card. It said, "Peter Fennell, ichthyologist, paleontologist." He looked at our rock under the microscope. He started to make appreciative noises and we got excited. My 10-year-old son, a disheveled captain, was sure he'd offer us "a million bucks" for our rock.

Instead, Fennell said, "This is a beautiful cephalopod called *Trochammina* embryon. It's from the Ordovician age."

"What?" we said.

We wrote the name down on a piece of paper, and then he said, "This creature lived 440 million years ago."

Wow. Four hundred and forty million. Half a billion. That's such a big number that it's impossible to fathom. Kind of like when they announce bank profits. Or astronomical costs.

We thanked Mr. Fennell kindly and then went to McDonald's for lunch, by far the highlight of the day for the kids.

It's fairly how children have trouble



putting the ages of things in perspective. In our house, the latest test of oldness is my beloved grumpy, who is 99. For the kids, anything older than her is old and anything younger than her is young. Black and white. The lack of grey area in this regard was brought home to me once on the way home from a friend's 40th birthday party when I was 38. One of the kids told me that my friend looked "so much younger than you, Mommy."

Seeing that I was pointing in the driver's seat, they all raked their brains for a suitable compliment. The child closest to her, the whole nursing mind, says these desperate heads. Finally, proudly, someone thought of something that would surely make me feel better: "You do look younger than great granny, Mom!"

And so, at McDonald's, came the inevitable question about the 440 million-year-old fossil: "Is it older than great granny?"

I smiled, and then managed to convince them that it was amazingly old—like a dinosaur (now that makes sense).

Back at school, the kids wrote an essay about our expedition and got a published in the school newsletter. They enjoyed temporary fame, each taking turns having the best show and tell object of the week, even leaving rare Pokémon cards.

The rock, by virtue of its history, has been preserved to a shelf in the living room as I save for a glass-encased coffin. I told them it will give it the elegant display it deserves. Every once in a while I look at it and I think about how incredibly, unbelievably old the earth is, how life here didn't last as many millions of years and how our time as just specks in time. I sometimes wish I could know something behind life the cephalopod died. But who will be here in another half a billion years?

Despite my own reminder of the tinyness of our lives in the largeness of time, I still lose perspective. Like everyone else, I'm still psycho-mad about a smooth and I definitely lose the middle finger when someone cuts me off while driving (I did say I live in Toronto). But it's fun to share your living room with the impact of a 440-million-year-old creature. Although the rock itself is ugly, it makes for some sparkling conversation.

Celia Meune is a medical reporter in Toronto. To contact her, write to her at cmeune@rogers.ca

BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME

At 72, Canada's leading classical actor returns to Stratford to tackle *King Lear*

HE MAY BE in his early 70s, but Christopher Plummer can still project a razor-sharp alertness and sense of danger. And that's good news, since Canada's best-known classical actor will tackle the daunting role of Shakespeare's *King Lear* at Ontario's Stratford Festival (Aug. 24 to Nov. 6). Stratford, where Plummer first appeared nearly half a century ago, is currently celebrating its 50th season, and his return to its famous thrust stage, under the great English director Jonathan Miller, is one of the most anticipated theatrical events in many years. Already there is talk that the production may move on to Broadway. Plummer's collaborating editor John Banville recently lauded with the actor in Toronto. Plummer, belying his age, is a bon vivant, sipped mineral water, picked a few fat pizza, and spoke about *Lear* and his long stage and film career.

What do you think of Laurence Olivier's claim that playing Shakespeare's great living leads to an ageing-as-a-manufacture?
He's absolutely right. I'll lose weight during the run of *Lear*. I'll have to compensate by strengthening my diet. At any age, you have to be in terrific shape to come to grips with this thing, vocally. I'm 72 now. I'll probably be 79 when it's over.

Many actors have hesitated to do *Lear*, especially in those scenes on the heath where they resort to reckless baying.
You'll never get that from me! That is something I don't and would never be capable of. If I'm overgiddy, I'll quit.

How will you approach the role, then?
It's terribly important before you play *Lear* to have played a huge spectrum of great roles in advance, so that you're prepared for the technical burden of the part. You must tackle the role as a piece of music. You must know where the colors and characters are going to appear. Then,

when you've orchestrated the plot, and all the colours that are demanded of *Lear*, particularly vocally, and at your disposal, then you can concentrate on getting the inner side of the man. You can do anything you want with a character. I say that with great confidence, but I'm shaking in my boots when I think about it.

What's it like to work with Miller?

I adore him. He keeps the rehearsal lights—the mantle like every time he comes into the room. And of course the ideas are flying. He doesn't talk about an actual problem in hand. He'll talk around it, telling some anecdote or story that seems to have nothing to do with it, but then you'll realize it's terribly relevant. He's very clever at not boring you with the text, which is a stroke of genius. He tries to inspire more invention from you—it's a very psychologically astute way of working.

You first came to Stratford as a young actor in 1966, to play the lead in Henry V. You were known for having a chip on your shoulder. Everyone had a chip on his shoulder? That was the thing to do, when you were that age. You were a quiet unaffable. I'd already done three or four plays on Broadway, including one highlight, *The Lady*, with Julie Harris. And I'd been named down by *Byronic* Gaudin when I'd auditioned for a school couple of years earlier, because someone had given a bad report on my, shall we say, off-stage activities. Which flattered me no end. So me, that was actually so much more important than getting into Stratford. To be known as a talent at 22 or 23 was so much more satisfying than any career move. So yes, when I came, my chip, I was going to kill them.

But I knew it wasn't easy because I had it played such a large role before. So the director, Michael Langham, had to really put me through my paces. I had to get a fair amount of *Hamlet* put. But I profited immensely from that, because the New York

critics gave me and the production such marvelous reviews, that from then on my name went above the title on Broadway.

What was it like at the Festival then?

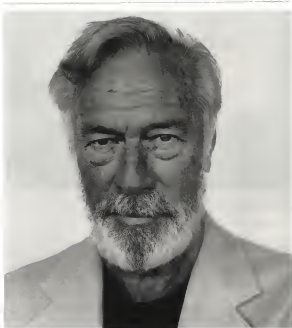
Well, for an actor, there wasn't much to do, except to be considered, among ourselves. We became more of a family than the company has ever been since. There wasn't one night as four years when we drew a sober lunch, with the exception of being on stage. Maybe we might nap for just those two hours, boring as it might be. We were all young enough to be able to take the late night and the ones we ended up napping in the *Arms River* at 4 a.m. Everybody did it. If they didn't do it, they were out of the fraternity.

I remember hearing about a list of broken furniture on a boarding house lawn.

We used to throw furniture out the window when we got bored, which was often. We'd go home late at night, and if we didn't like the look of a piece of furniture, if it was too Swedish, we'd open the window and throw it out. We'd end up with a floor with no fringes! Furniture left. There were a lot of divorces, a lot of love affairs. A lot of teenagers went on, far more than now. There was a sense of danger. We were doing Shakespeare in a tent, for God's sake. It felt impermanent, risky. There was a feeling you weren't going to last forever. The world's changed since then. Everybody's much more serious about themselves now.

How do you view your movie career?

I'm shocked to find I've made close to a hundred films, most of them total rubbish. But some have been very good. I got a nice boost from *Anybody* [the one-man stage show when was Plummer a best actor Tony on Broadway in 1997]. It reminded people that I still existed. Then I started getting offered good film roles again, like Mike Wallace in *The Insider*.



How do film and stage acting compare?

Sometimes on the stage, you're dying to be subtle, you're dying for the camera to come in and pick up what you're trying to do. So sometimes I go back to film with a sense of great relief, knowing that the point one wants to make—put with the camera, let's say—is going to be transferred to everybody. That I am in the theatre. In

the theatre, you have to do something else to pull people in for those quiet moments. The director has to be impeccable. You have to keep everything else to still, so the audience can come in.

Theatre is less lucrative, and arguably more stressful. Yet you keep going back.
I know I'll live the same kind of chaotic

You must think it's still important.

You can't turn the theatre out, because nothing will ever replace the excitement of one live person in front of a live audience, getting that live response. No matter how marvelous films are now, how technologically superb, there is still a barrier between them and us. Once that barrier's removed, we're back to what it's all about. **■**



NIGHTMARE OF DEATH

Everything went wrong in the 1942 raid on Dieppe

BERNIE ANDERSON is 84 years old now, but he remembers that day six decades ago with crystal clarity. The one-time water front in Toronto had been shipped to England in March, 1942, and found to the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry that summer. Anderson had raised his regiment's special assault training and, as a newcomer, he remembers that he "did not know what was to happen." Then came Aug. 19, and he found himself lying on the rocky beach in front of the steel casemate at Dieppe with a Bren light machine gun at his side while under intense fire from what seemed like the entire German army. Wounded in the elbow and the side, Anderson says he was "unable to move." So he lay doggo and hoped the enemy thought he was dead. But within hours, he became one of the 1,946 Canadians taken prisoner in the worst disaster suffered by the Canadians

Array in the Second World War.

In the summer of 1942, the Allies were clearly losing. The Germans had advanced deep into the Soviet Union. Winston Churchill was under Hitler's boot, the Nazi U-boats battered the gates of Corsica and U-boats still roiled the North Atlantic. "The Japanese were running wild, having conquered much of China and Southeast Asia. The Americans were in the war at last, but their huge power had yet to be fully mobilized. And the 1st Canadian Army, acting in France, still awaited combat."

Canadian soldiers and generals alike wanted to get into action, and when acting Corps commander Gen. Harry Crerar launched plans for a large raid on the French coast, he looked hard to get his Canadians and died. "Operation Rutter," the British called it. The idea was for a short, sharp assault on the small French port of Dieppe to encourage the struggling

Under heavy fire, soldiers try to cross the beach at Charles-Édouard's Dieppe Raid.

Soviet Union, to boost morale on the home front, and to provide the beach, otherwise considered a waste of space. The 2nd Canadian Infantry Division got the mission, trained hard, and was set to go in July 1942, when bad weather forced a postponement. The men dispersed to their homes, disappointed yet again.

But the next month, the raid got the green light again. Now called "Operation Jubilee," Dieppe was to be attacked on Aug. 19 by the same men. Nearly 5,000 Canadians, drawn from the 2nd and 3rd Brigades of the 2nd Division and the 1st Army Tank Brigade, along with 1,200 British soldiers, had the task of landing directly in front of the town and its beaches to its east and west. Early-morning surprise was to be the Canadian's advantage, aided with the support of brand new Churchill tanks. The object was Dieppe and hold it for a day, demonstrating that a fortified port could be seized from the sea.

But everything went wrong. The attacking force bumped into a German coastal convoy, forcing the enemy shore land-

ing craft reached the beaches late, dropping most of the Canadians in full day light. Worse, the planners completely chose beaches surrounded by high chalk cliffs where the Germans had sensibly placed their defenses.

On two of the beaches, the slaughter began even before the landing craft touched down. Men needed for the assaults which provided some shelter, but most fell dying on the open beach. A few brave hand-to-hand from the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry and the Essex Scottish Regiment struggled up the beach in front of Dieppe and made it briefly into the town. The operational plan had dissolved into a bloody debacle.

Another failure followed. By a dreadful error, thanks to glibbed communications from the beach, the Canadian commander, Maj. Gen. Hamilton Roberts, sent in his floating reserve, the 584 men of Les Fusiliers Marins Royal. The Germans shot the Marins into pieces in the water and on the shore, killing and wounding 380. Meanwhile, the Calgary Regiment's big Churchill, whose base on the main beach, had terrible trouble moving on the bare, ball-sized stones, and a dozen stalled there. The 15 that made it over the obstacle could not get through concrete barriers into the town.

At Paps, four kilometers to the east, Toronto's Royal Regiment of Canada ran into a minefield of machine gun fire. The Ban Beaf at the back of his landing craft, recalls that his platoon "moved in a zone when the landing craft touched down," but then he had to "run over the killed and wounded" who had kept onto the beach's edge of fire. The 22-year-old Beaf "hopped halfway up the beach, ran, then flopped around" before he finally made the cover of the seawall. Still, new president of the 590 soldiers Dieppe Veterans and POWs Association, which he runs from his home in Toronto, Fred his Lee-Enfield rifle at any Germans he could see. "The landing craft couldn't get in to take off survivors," recalls, and the order to surrender came about 8:30 a.m., three hours after the first Royals had landed.

Norby, then gunner the Ron Reynolds of Toronto, then 22, remembers being unable to "advance, retreat or maneuver." Ordered to provide covering fire, he saw three soldiers killed trying to get seaward

tion to him, and was himself hit twice.

The raid became a nightmare of death, an unqualified disaster. The Canadian Dieppe dead numbered 902; the wounded 1,134, and the Germans made propaganda of their 1,946 prisoners of war. Of the attacking force, only 2,210 remained in England, more than half of them soldiers lucky enough to have never landed.

British planning, Reynolds says now, was as bad as it had been at Gallipoli in 1915. "I still blame the Allies," adds the Essex Scottish's Edward Targion, echoing a common complaint of veterans and historians. "I thought it would be a fair fight." Another survivor, Sergeant Louis Panake, still bitterly recalls being used as "cannon fodder."

But not all Dieppe veterans share that bitterness. Lt. Col. Cecil Merritt, the commanding officer of the South Saskatchewan Regiment, who won the Victoria Cross for his role in leading his men across a bridge swept by enemy machine guns, said later, "We were very glad to go." Merritt, who died two years ago in his hometown of Vancouver, had summed it up this way: "We went up against a very difficult situation and we didn't win, but to hell with the business of saving the Germans did us in."

Still, there had been an appalling lack of common sense in planning, poor intelligence about the beaches, and neither heavy naval gunfire nor bombing support up. Next decisions: Communications from ship to shore were hopelessly inadequate. British tank design still lagged. And the idea of attacking a port city had proven faulty—just now, the invasion would go successfully over open beaches with massive fire support from sea and air. There had been gallantry aplenty at Dieppe, but gallantry could not overcome the inept preparation that doomed the raid and so many Canadians from the outset.

"When the 2nd Canadian Division landed Dieppe three months after D Day, war correspondent Ross Murray reported walking the beach with Lt. Col. Eric Bell of Regina, who two years earlier "had gone through the hell of that men beach and could not keep his eyes off it." Meanwhile, he noted, "Eric's jaw just tightened and I think he mumbled he had." He turned and walked slowly back into the town." ■

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Books | Amis grieves by lashing out at Stalin

Grief can be a curious thing, causing our minds to spiral in unforeseen directions. In the case of Martin Amis, the recent deaths of his sister Sally and celebrated father Kingsley have led his thoughts, somewhat peculiarly, to Stalin. In *Kolia the Devil* (Knopf), Amis's follow-up to his memoir *Experiments*, the British novelist and critic fumes a short history of Stalin's atrocities with some tender reflections on his personal losses.

The connecting thread is death and, the reader supposes (because the author only openly vents his rage at the Russian icon), Amis's anger about it. He informs us that he has read "several yards of books about the Soviet experiment" which, he judges, resulted in the loss of 30 million lives. Given the sheer scale of Stalin's

Terror—culpable, he argues, in Hitler's shorter but equally menacing reign—Amis asks how intellectuals in the West could be so attracted to Communism.

Looking behind the question are two significant relationships. Kingsley was, from 1940 to 1956, an avowed Stalinist. And Amis's best friend, fellow journalist Christopher Hitchens, is a former socialist who still defends Lenin and Trotsky—though not Stalin. In a lengthy letter to Hitchens, Amis asks: "Why? An admission to your Lenin and Trotsky is meaning less without an admission for terror. Do you admire terror? I



know you admire freedom."

To ask what attracted people to Communism is a valid question. And while the Soviet Union crumbled in 1989, pointed an and intellectuals continue to challenge much of what capitalists stand for. Natan Chernsky, award-winning journalist at *John Pilger* and *Canada's* *Norwest* News, for instance, have all fiercely questioned American imperialism in the wake of Sept. 11. But Amis's response to his own provocation is disappointing. In a text weighed down by excessive citations, he simply repudiates what his best friend has seen elsewhere. Quoting Orlando Figes, he reminds us that, unlike Nazism, the "Stalinist project was based on the ideal of the Enlightenment."

Yet most of the book is a tirade against the horrendous crimes of the Soviet regime. Amis also tries to show that Trotsky was no saint and that Lenin led us on a merry-go-round. But his arguments seem one-sided as he either dismisses our friend or has our read the arguments of major historians who critique that hypothesis—namely Isaac Deutscher or E.H. Carr. His explanation of Stalin's hold on power is equally thin. Stalin was an evil regime mascot who wielded power, quite simply, because he wanted to. "Stalin did it," writes Amis, referring to the Terror, "because Stalin liked it. He couldn't help himself."

What Amis brings to the subject is a scathing prose that, at points, captures in cinematic, penetrating ways the sheer enormity of Stalin's crimes. "On the planet Earth," he writes, "we are told, for every human being there are a million insects. The insect prisoners at Vorkuta seemed to have experienced this as an immediate truth." Your soul begins to ooze before you reach the end of the sentence. As a literary summary of Soviet atrocities, Amis's book is of some interest. As an analysis, it falls well short of what has already been written. As a memoir, it's just plain curious. **DAVE KIRSHBAUM**

Diversions | Clement Virgo

The Toronto-based filmmaker is currently working on a new movie, *Little White Horse*, which tells the story of a young boy's life. *BOBBY'S STORY* is directed by Douglas Greaney. "It's about this journalist who becomes friends with this super-painter in New York. It's based



on a true story and was pretty cool."

NEW STUFF *THE AMERICAN* (R) has a job for what's happening in independent films. It has a lot of stuff about what's going on and what's doing what in the business. I also get to see about the independent movie scene at indie.com."



People | Avril the individual

Then pop sensation Avril Lavigne may look innocent, but she doesn't pull punches (in fact, she's been thrown out of clubs for fighting). "So many artists," she says, "have been created by their label and that's not me." Alternately brash and shy during the course of a half-hour interview, the 17-year-old native of Niagara, Ont., flips through her back story, taught herself to play her father's guitar listening to Leroy Knott's songs, performed a duet with Shania Twain at age 14 after winning a radio contest, dropped out of high school to pursue her music career, was discovered by producer Arzoo

Reid (who worked with Pink, TLC and Usher) during a stop in New York City.

Already her first single, *Complicated*, off her debut CD, *Let Go*, has held the No. 1 spot on Canada's Contemporary Hit Radio chart for an unprecedented 11 straight weeks, beating previous record holder Madonna. Musically, she's Aladdin Manriquez-like, as she struts around the stage to loud rock anthems about hunk boys and odes to her hometown. And she insists she's nothing like today's stars who sing bubble-gum pop and dress in revealing outfits. Although, Lavigne makes an exception with her trademark low-riding pants, which have been known to reveal a little bit of "plumber's butt."

Lavigne includes revealing clothes for low-riding pants and trademark neckties.

The singer-songwriter also says she doesn't want to achieve fame in the same manner as Britney & Co.—shilling for Pepsi or selling Barbie dolls and lunch boxes with her likeness. Yet, Lavigne-branded neckties—another trademark—are available for purchase on her Web site. "I don't want to be, like, really much more commercialized than what I am," she says. "I mean, obviously you have to be commercialized. Am I commercialized? I don't really know what that word means." It's not that complicated.

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CLOSING NOTES

Books | Following calves from birth to burger

In 2005, Rochester, NY, journalist Peter Lovenheim was in MacDonald's line, waiting for a burger and a drink for his young daughter. Among the toy choices was a ball and a cow. It was then, contemplating the irony of having children buy a fake burger while consuming the ground remains of a real life, that Lovenheim conceived of *Port of a Burger as a Young Child* (Harcourt), intended to understand a child's life. Lovenheim bought one—two actually, books known as Nos. 7 and 8—before a dairy farm and watched their lives unfold. That is, until they reached the author, the age of slaughter, at which time Lovenheim's in-depth if they would be or die. Although the writer acknowledges his determination to expose the cost of discounted meat in McDonald's, his portrait of the dairy business is respectful. That genuine regard and Lovenheim's ability to keep his distance—hesitates to name or otherwise highlight the others—makes readers uncertain of his final decision and the very end.



BESTSELLERS

Fiction

1. *UNRAID* (Cory Doctorow) 2
2. *GRACE* (Stephen King) 3
3. *THE INVISIBLE MAN* (H.G. Wells) 4
4. *CRIMINAL MINDS* (Jeffery Deaver) 5
5. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 6
6. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 7
7. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 8
8. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 9
9. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 10
10. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 11

Nonfiction

1. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 1
2. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 2
3. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 3
4. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 4
5. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 5
6. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 6
7. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 7
8. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 8
9. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 9
10. *THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN* (Liane Moriarty) 10

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A GOOD AND DECENT MAN

in a land of consensus politics, Joe Clark was a conviction politician

IN THE QUARTER CENTURY Joe Clark has been on the national stage, there has never been any doubt about his integrity, only about his judgment.

As prime minister in 1979, he called a vote on his minority government's budget, when he could have delayed it until after the Christmas recess, with the Liberals committed to a vote to succeed Pierre Trudeau. As opposition leader in 1983, he called a leadership convention when he had the support of 66.9 per cent of delegates at the Conservative leadership review. As constitutional affairs minister in 1992, he struck a deal with the provinces when his instructions were to fold the hand so that Brian Mulroney could deal a new one. Re-elected to the Conservative leadership in 1998, he opposed the Clarity Act without consulting his caucus, which largely supported it.

He lost the government, lost the leadership, lost the Charlottetown Accord and lost the argument with his caucus. Any one of these misadventures could have been fatal. But somehow, Clark always averted disaster.

When he finally leaves the scene, historians will have no choice but to note Clark's losses, but they will remember him equally for his character and courage in a land of consensus politics. He was a conviction politician.

He was also the most successful, and longest serving, foreign affairs minister since Lester B. Pearson, highly regarded by officials and erstwhile critics alike. He left External Affairs in 1991 only at Mulroney's behest, and only because the PM needed someone at Clark's stature, in Quebec and elsewhere in Canada, to start another constitutional round after the failure of Meech Lake.

Though they had been bitter rivals in two bruising leadership campaigns, Clark and Mulroney came to a kind of understanding about their respective roles in government. Clark was first among equals,

Mulroney first among equals.

"We obviously had our differences," Mulroney later said. "But we managed to put them aside. We actually complemented one another in foreign policy, and in the end we became friends."

When Mulroney's daughter Caroline married in 2000, Clark and Marcen McIvor found themselves at a table with Ted and Lorena Rogers. Clark and Rogers went back to the 1996 Tory leadership convention, as did Mulroney, as leaders of Youth for John Diefenbaker.

Recently re-elected to the Commons in a Nova Scotia by-election, Clark heard out Rogers's decidedly gloomy assessment of Conservative election prospects. "I disagree," Clark said in that polarized firm manner of his.

At that point the Tories had shrunk to single digits in voting intention, and within weeks Jean Chrétien called an early election. The Tory war room was run with hockey tape. The leader's big son on former And Clark ran on courage. The result was at once disastrous and serene.



loss. The most popular vote showing in Conservative history, it also saved the party of Confederation from oblivion.

Clark has never performed aggressively in the House, the first leader of the far-right opposition to argue how Chrétien has been corrupted by power. He also tried to build a bigger tent by welcoming the dissident Alliance MPs. There was always the risk that they would bolt when the Alliance got a new leader—and indeed they did.

After that, Clark finally lost his appetite for the game. "I'm not enjoying this very much," he confided to Conservative strategist John Lanchester several months ago. Lanchester, who ran Bernard Lord's successful 1999 campaign for the New Brunswick premiership and Ernie Egan's campaign to succeed Mike Harris in Ontario, had come aboard with Clark in 2000. He made a mental note that Clark needed an exit strategy.

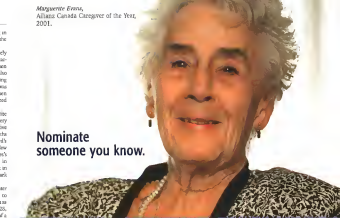
Clark's family—Mulroney and daughter Catherine—were encouraging him to leave. So were longtime associates such as Bill Neville and John White. On July 25, Lanchester brought Clark the results of a deep poll conducted by his Toronto firm, Northern Research Partners.

The members talked. Clark let all federal leaders in approval rating, but couldn't tolerate that into more than 18 per cent voting intention. He had made the Tories the voters' second choice, but couldn't make them first. On Aug. 6, in Room 257 of the East Block, Lanchester walked the Tory caucus through the numbers. Then Clark scanned them with his retirement announcement.

At first glance, his retirement seems like a typical Clark middle. But it's quite strategic. He steps in the event Chretien calls a snap election to avert the Liberal leadership review, he avoids a Tory leadership review next week in Edmonton, where the magic number of 66.9 per cent was carried in more long ago, and he gives leadership hopefuls such as Bernard Lord a thing called time.

And he gets to leave with dignity. This is a good and decent man, who has served his party and loved his country, and brought honour to both.

Author and columnist L. Ian MacDonald was first quoted in 2001 to profile Clark after Clark-Mulroney from 1985 to 1989.



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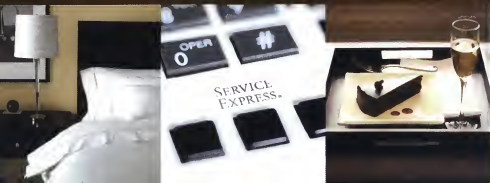
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